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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

April

15c



APR 17 1938
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Is Sex Slipping
in Pictures?

With Garbo
at Home

M. Stone

DARLING OF DIXIE! . . . "Meanest when she's lovin' most!"



WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

Half angel, half siren,
all woman! The screen's
greatest actress comes
to you in the hit picture
of her career . . . as the
most exciting heroine
who ever lived and
loved in Dixie!

BETTE DAVIS *in*
"Jezebel"
THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter

RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O'NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

Screen Play by Clements Ripley,
Abem Finkel and John Huston

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Unhappy Sally! She is good-looking, good company—yet many an evening she spends alone, reading magazines! (Men won't call the girl who has a dull, unattractive smile!)



Only seven—but Janet could tell Aunt Sally how easy it is to have a lovelier smile! (Janet knows more than lots of grown-ups—she's learned in school the value of gum massage.)



Sally's life could be so happy! She'd have plenty of dates, she'd win romance—if she'd learn how irresistible men find a radiant smile! (Sally should try Ipana with massage, for dental science teaches that gums as well as teeth need special care.)



Does your mirror tell you—

"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"

A GAY, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so *appealing*. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however,

he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases,

gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

Singing sweethearts together again
for the first time since "Maytime"!



Jeanette **MACDONALD**
NELSON EDDY



*Glory bursts from
the screen in the
greatest musical love
story of our time!*



Laugh with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!

Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief... Funny Leo Carrillo as Mosquito, his pard...



ROMANTIC SONGS BY
Sigmund Romberg
and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild
Any More"
"Who Are We to Say?"
"Senorita"

The Girl **OF THE Golden West**

WITH

Ray **BOLGER** *Walter* **PIDGEON**

Leo **CARRILLO** *Buddy* **EBSEN**

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD Production

Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE • An M-G-M Picture

Based on the play by David Belasco



A hot time in the old town. Ray Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...



"I'll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

Cruelty to Movie Stars

Cruelty to cinema kings and queens! Seems incredible, doesn't it? But we have unearthed facts to prove that some of the highest-paid, most pampered celebrities of the screen have to submit to treatment which extras would resent! Fantastic? Perhaps—but it's true! And paradoxically it is those who have made their fabulous success possible who are to blame for this treatment of the movie greats!

Yes, some of the stars themselves have complained to us. That's what makes our story in the next issue so important. Quoting one big star: "It's an outrage, and I refuse to submit to it any longer!" You'll want to read this feature to find out just what constitutes cruelty to these much-envied, high-incomed film darlings. So don't miss SCREENLAND for May, on sale April 6th.

April, 1938

Vol. XXXVI. No. 6

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Fifteen—and Famous! Deanna Durbin. A Home of His Own. Tyrone Power. The Lane Sisters' Success Story Told in Pictures. The Women in His (Movie) Life! Gary Cooper—Claudette Colbert, Sigrid Gurie. So Hollywood Men are the World's Worst Dressers? Candid or Candied? Clark Gable. Starlets in Paradise. Jane Bryan and Mary Maguire. Quick, the Candid Camera! The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

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Cover Portrait of Irene Dunne by Marland Stone.

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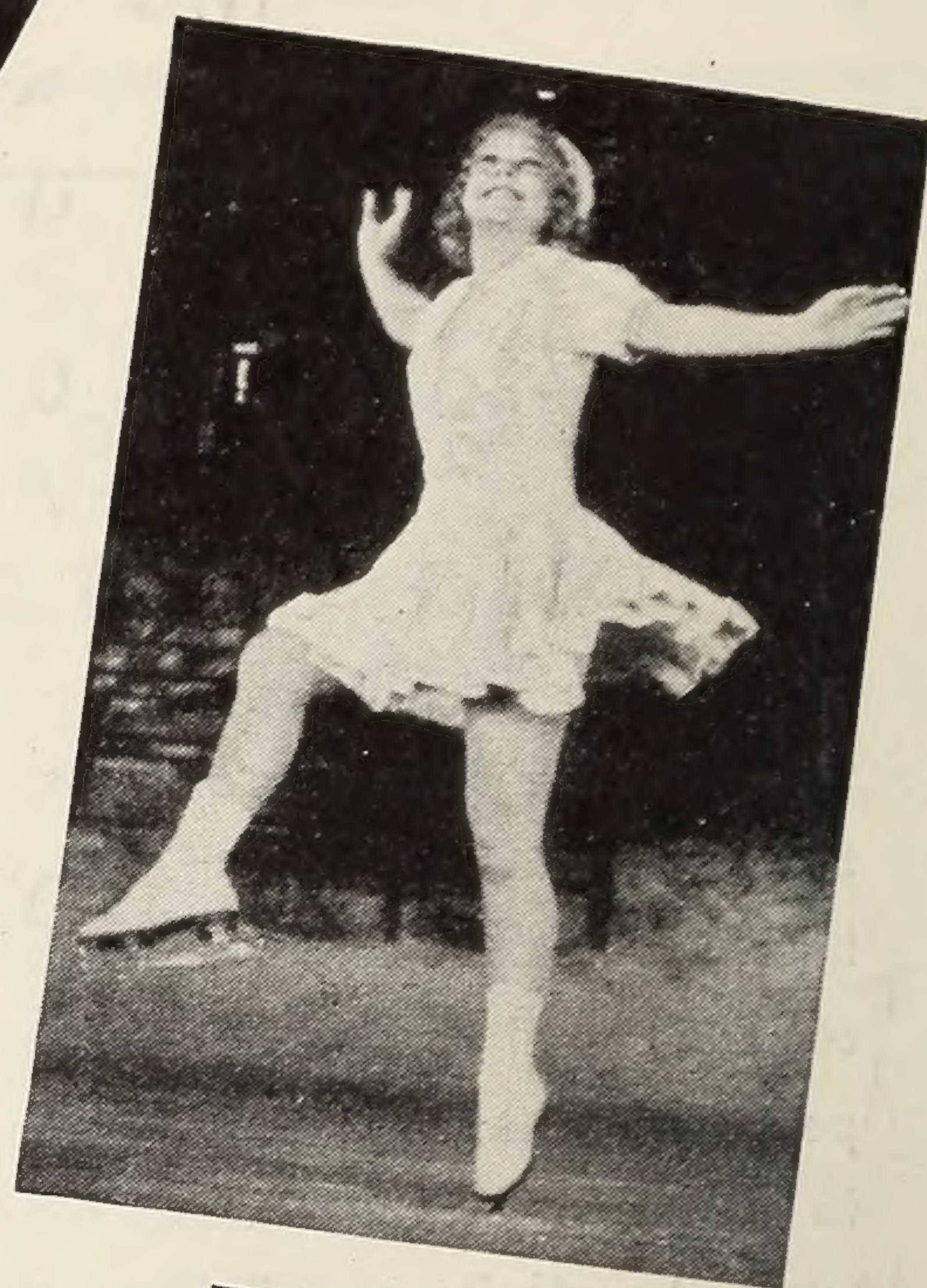
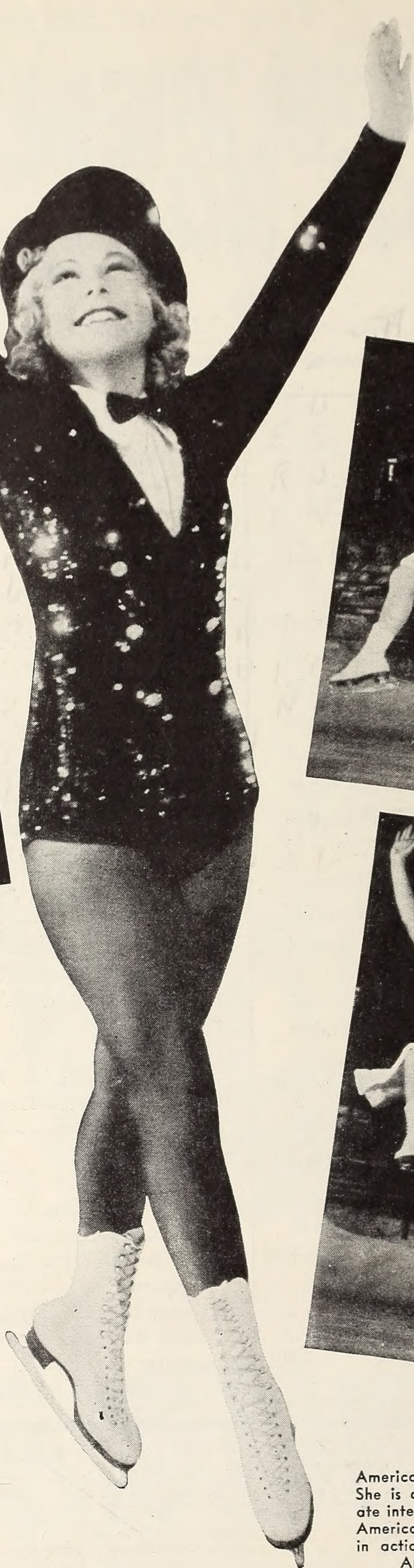
Printed in the U. S. A.

Sonja is sweeping the country in person as her third picture, "Happy Landing," plays the nation's screens. Salute the Number One Box-Office Girl with us!



SCREENLAND Honor Page

AS THE second Scandinavian to make screen history, Sonja Henie with only three motion pictures to her credit is already more popular than Garbo ever was. Sonja appeals alike to the sophisticates and the sentimentalists. Piquant poetry in motion, she seems to love to skate as no actress has ever seemed to enjoy acting. Sonja personifies youth, gaiety, health, good humor. She can play her movie parts with charm and capability so that the intervals between her ice ballets do not seem too long. But when she starts to skate, she captures for the screen the miracle of effortless grace, as Garbo captures tragic beauty; and so in chalking up the great names of the cinema we must say: "Including the Scandinavian—and how."



America skates right after Sonja Henie! She is credited with reviving the passionate interest in ice exercise which has swept America. On this page, pictures of Sonja in action; and, at left above, with Don Ameche in "Happy Landing."

"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau,
But Gary's in the Doghouse now...
YOU BET..." *Claudette*



Adolph Zukor presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT · GARY COOPER
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON · DAVID NIVEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · HERMAN BING
Screen Play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · A Paramount Picture
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir · English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by **ERNST LUBITSCH**

Divorce
of
Lady X

Korda-
United
Artists



Delightfully contrived English comedy with Merle Oberon, almost too distractingly glamorous in her Technicolor glory as the flirtatious girl who impersonates a notorious woman to lead on a handsome barrister, Laurence Olivier. The play, for all its saucy flavor and individual scenes of bubbling humor, is too long. But Merle's charm and infectious gaiety, and a comedy part by Ralph Richardson are a delight.

My Old
Kentucky
Home

Mono-
gram



The Hall-Johnson Choir sings some well-loved Stephen Foster compositions, and there the connection with the title ends. The play is a homey sort of drama, very much on the sentimental side. Grant Richards is the Kentucky boy who deserts a girl from home, Evelyn Venable, for a city siren, only to learn by a bitter experience that true happiness for him is with Evelyn. Well-acted standard program fare.

Wife of
General
Ling

Gaumont-
British



A good show, this story-book adventure in Hong Kong, with a clever—oh, very—Chinese war lord matching wits and lethal lore with an English agent. It has color, mystery laid on thickly as befits an out-and-out melodrama of the sort. It also presents two swell actors: Inkijinooff, Russian character star, as the clever Chinese; and Griffith Jones, young juvenile you'll hear from again, as the hero. It's a good show.

Action
for
Slander

Korda-
United
Artists



Not much action, but splendid character portrayals and an adroitly plotted climax that gives a final impression of satisfactory entertainment. Clive Brook is an army officer falsely accused of cheating at cards. Slander drives him to the brink of disaster. Then a clever job of cross-questioning in court saves him—also it saves the play. Brook, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott and a judiciously selected cast enact the story.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Inter-
national
Settle-
ment

20th
Century-
Fox



Exciting action in war-torn China, with George Sanders and Dolores Del Rio continuing the attractive team-work they began in "Lancer Spy." News shots adroitly matched into the plot action make for a vivid and realistic melodrama of adventurers, American and European, as well as Oriental, with a love romance filling out the pattern. June Lang and Dick Baldwin provide a supplementary romance. Suspense.

Love
Is a
Headache

Metro



The accent is on comedy, with a sensational melodramatic device—kidnapping—motivating a swift pace of sequences in which an actress gets back into the limelight, following a series of poor plays, by a publicity stunt. Gladys George again registers, though neither she nor Franchot Tone have especially good material here. Frank Morgan, Ted Healy, Mickey Rooney, and especially Virginia Weidler, stand out.

Radio
City
Revels

RKO-
Radio



Here's fun. It gives you Bob Burns as a yokel who composes songs in his sleep, and Jack Oakie, Tin Pan Alley has-been, getting rich, swiping the tunes Bob never knows he creates. Swell racket for Jack—until Bob gets insomnia. Oakie and Bob are aces; with Helen Broderick, Milton Berle, Kenny Baker, Ann Miller and others excellent. Slap-happy farce, and a laugh buy that's a bargain even without Bingo.

The Kid
Comes
Back

Warners



Wayne Morris back in the fight game. This is a more modest effort, from production and story standpoint, than young Mr. Morris' two previous pictures, but it is a pleasant romance, with Wayne winning much needed money by becoming a prize fighter. He refuses, at first, to fight Barton McLane, who befriended him, and whose sister, June Travis, he loves. But, forced to, he loses the fight but wins June.

Paradise
for
Three

Metro



A giddy concoction of "mistaken identity" farce that will keep you giggling for the run of the film. Frank Morgan, rich widower; Robert Young, impoverished writer; Florence Rice, Morgan's daughter; Mary Astor, adventuress who almost captures the rich Mr. Morgan; Edna May Oliver, housekeeper who keeps Morgan out of trouble, and Reginald Owen, valet to Morgan, make it thoroughly amusing nonsense.

The Rat

Herbert
Wilcox-
RKO



Mystery in Paris. The old stage favorite becomes effective melodrama as played here by Anton Walbrook and Ruth Chatterton. It is stagey but telling romance of a thief who tries to sacrifice himself when a girl entrusted to him is charged with murder. A rich coquette, in love with him, then takes the stand and "tells all" about his rendezvous with her, saving him against his will. Walbrook and Chatterton excellent.

Walking
Down
Broad-
way

20th
Century-
Fox



Claire Trevor's versatile acting ability on display in a film most people will thoroughly enjoy. It is a study of the lives of a group of chorus girls, who all within one year, meet their several Fates in the form of romance, tragedy, and career opportunity. Phyllis Brooks, Leah Ray, Dixie Dunbar, Lynn Bari, Michael Whalen, Thomas Beck and many others make up an attractive cast. Entertaining.



WHEN FEET GET WET OR COLD body resistance is frequently weakened; germs already in the throat may multiply faster than natural processes can cope with them, and set up an irritation.



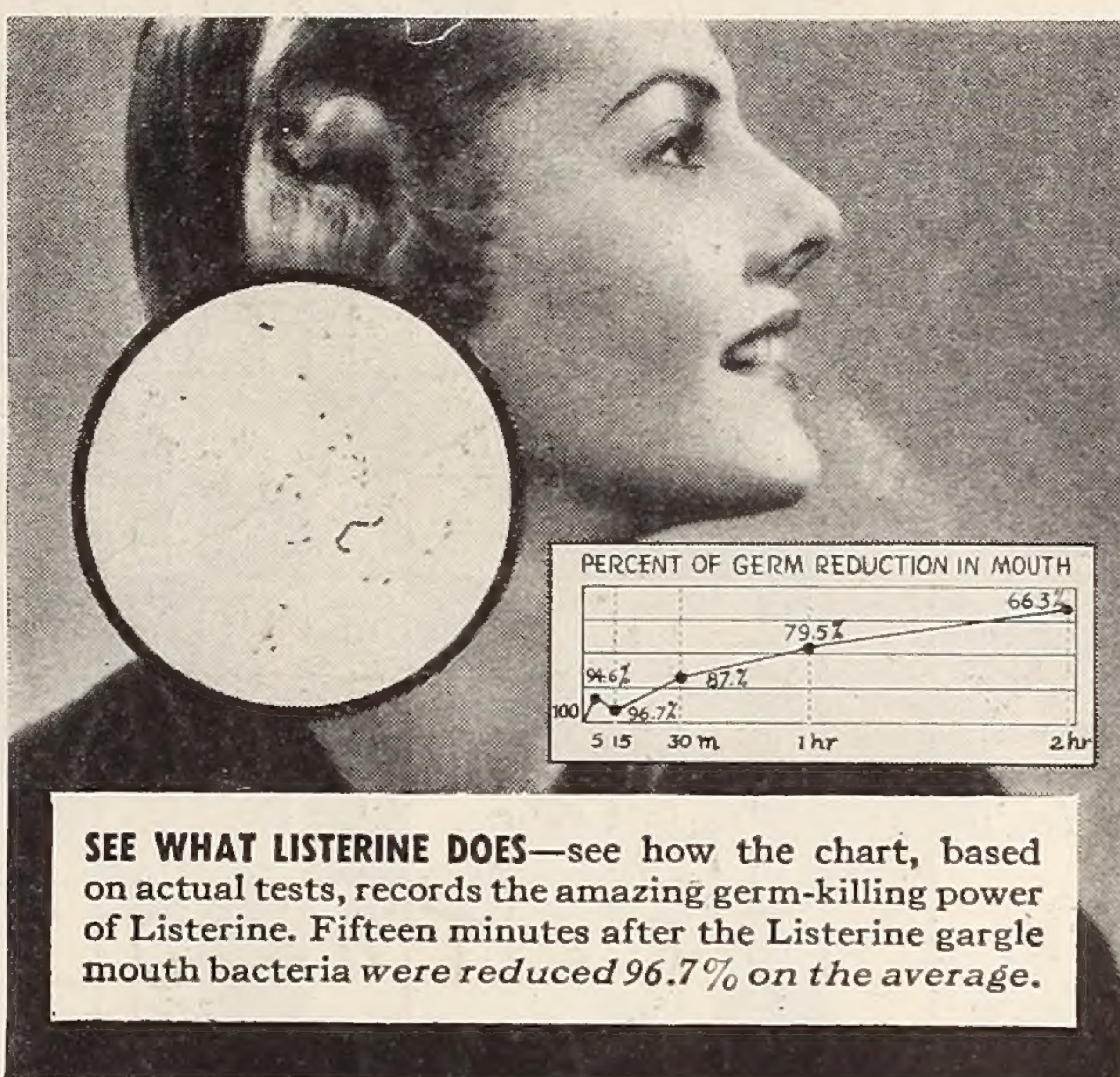
THERE'S WARNING—your first warning that a cold may be starting is a sneeze, the "sniffles" or a feeling of-tightness in the throat.



GERMS ARE AT WORK—they attack the mucous membrane producing the symptoms mentioned. It is wise to fight these germs with a safe antiseptic before they get the upper hand.



GARGLE LISTERINE AT ONCE—Listerine Antiseptic reaches deep down into the throat and kills such germs in large numbers. Used promptly and frequently, it has often aborted a cold and sore throat—checked them before they became serious.



SEE WHAT LISTERINE DOES—see how the chart, based on actual tests, records the amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle mouth bacteria were reduced 96.7% on the average.



"NIPPED MY COLD IN THE BUD"—is what hundreds of Listerine users say. This personal experience corroborates clinical research.

LISTERINE treatment shows amazing success AGAINST COLDS AND SORE THROAT!

Seven Years of Research Reveals that Listerine users have fewer and milder colds. Millions choose it over Harsh Internal Remedies



I'VE USED LISTERINE FOR YEARS AND HAVE BEEN GETTING PROMPT RELIEF FROM COLDS AND SORE THROAT
SAYS H. H. MARRELL OF NORTHFIELD, VERMONT.



I'M SIMPLY AMAZED AT THE WAY LISTERINE CHECKS COLDS AND SORE THROAT
SAYS THELMA M. GOULD OF AUBURN, MAINE.

EXTRA! EXTRA! A NEW COUGH DROP!



Millions now treat colds for what they really are: acute local infections, rather than deep-seated disorders. They treat them with Listerine Antiseptic which, in tests, has shown a reduction of dangerous mouth bacteria for a period of several hours.

This method, as clinical evidence shows you, is amazingly effective in preventing colds—and in checking them, once they have started. Already it supplants harsh internal remedies that may weaken the system, upset the stomach and tax the heart.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users of Listerine.

This is a matter of record.

No other method and no other remedy that we know of can show clinical results as clear-cut as those achieved by Listerine.

The secret of this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills not only millions of mouth-bred "secondary invaders" which complicate a cold, but also reaches the invisible virus that many authorities say is its cause. Listerine acts quickly, and without injury to the very delicate membrane. Even one hour after the Listerine gargle, tests showed germs reduced nearly 80% on the average.

Do not think for a moment that Listerine will always prevent or check cold and sore throat. It will not. We do say, however, that the best clinical evidence indicates that if you gargle with Listerine, your chances of avoiding serious colds are excellent.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WIVES TELL HUSBANDS —



Now millions know it's a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It's getting around . . . flashing from family to family . . . from wife to husband . . . from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is *better than ever!* Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!



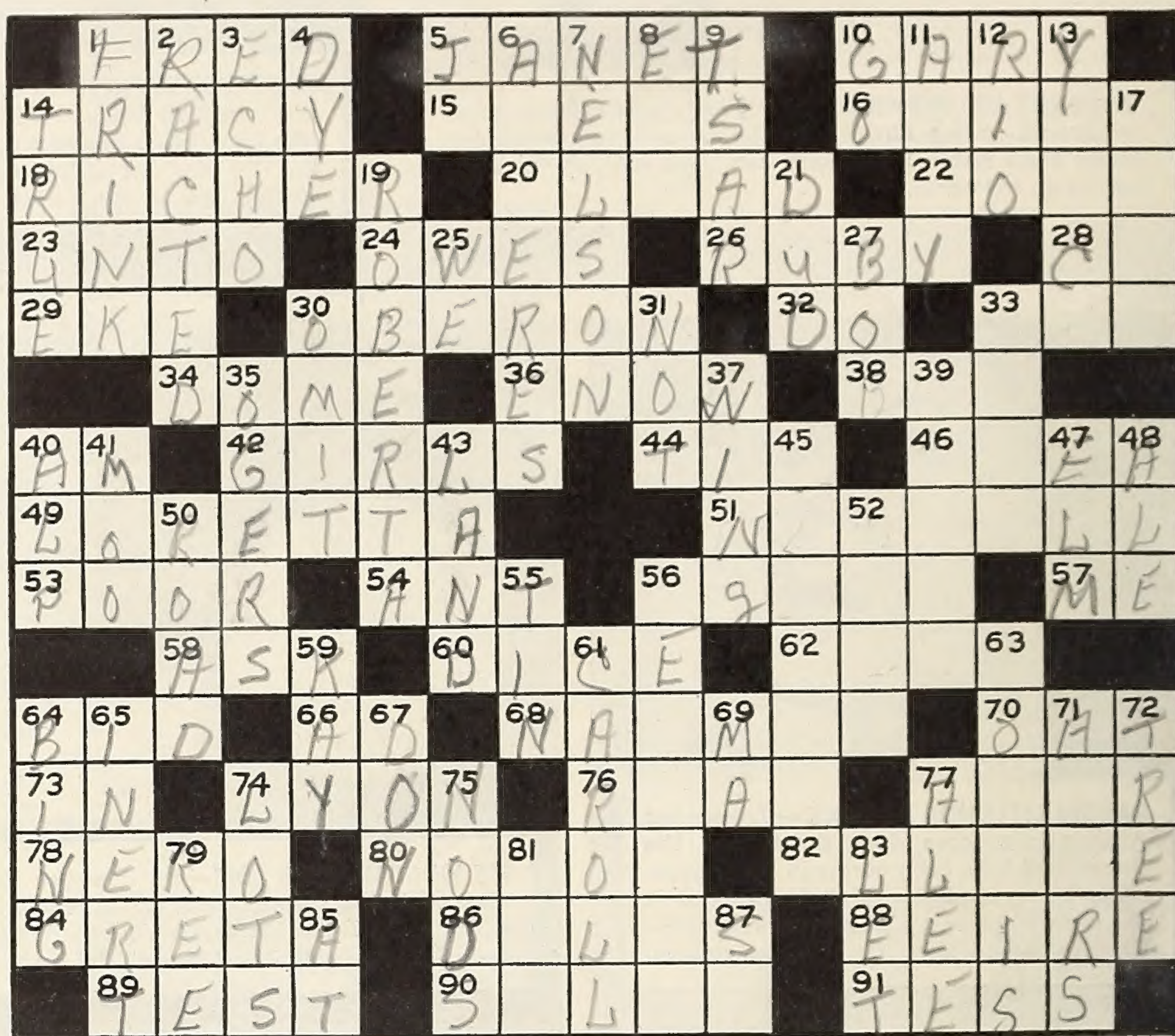
Indispensable for Evening Wear

Now is the time for romance! Dances—parties—dates! You simply must keep your skin alluringly lovely all evening. Use as a powder base or complete make-up. Suitable for face, back, neck, and arms. Will not rub off or streak. Stays on for hours. Shades: peach, rachel, brunette, suntan. 50¢ at all leading drug and department stores. Trial size at all 10¢ counters, or mail coupon.

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



★ DAVID COPPERFIELD ★ NOTHING SACRED ★

The Best Of
David O. Selznick's
10 Best Pictures



Selznick International presents

MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TOM SAWYER

IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG ★ RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

★ DANCING LADY ★ DINNER AT EIGHT ★

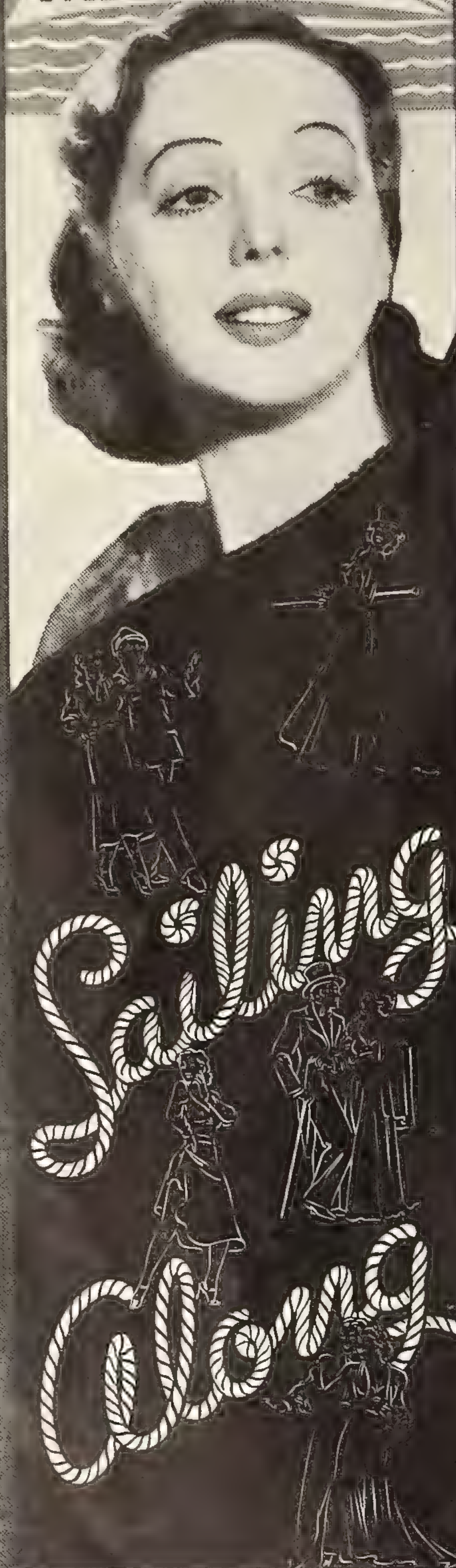
★ A TALE OF TWO CITIES ★
★ VIVA VILLA ★
★ A STAR IS BORN ★

★ THE PRISONER OF ZENDA ★
★ LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY ★

**FULL
SAIL
AHEAD!**

Here comes
the Eye-filling,
Hi-de-hi-thrilling

Jessie
MATTHEWS



with
**ROLAND YOUNG
JACK WHITING
BARRY MACKAY**

Directed by SONNIE HALE • Music & Lyrics by
ARTHUR JOHNSTON and MAURICE SIGLER

A  Production

Inside the Stars' Homes

By
Betty
Boone



How the screen's smart sophisticated, Constance Bennett, entertains—told exclusively to us by the star Hollywood hostess herself

OUT in Holmby Hills, in a French-Normandy house half hidden from the winding boulevard by a tall cedar-wood hedge, lives Constance Bennett. The star supervised the decoration of the house and selected the furniture herself, which may be the reason it is a perfect background for the Bennett beauty.

There are crystal chandeliers, dazzling white walls, immaculate off-white carpets and gold-colored draperies. There is a powder room in black and white that is nearly all mirrors, so that you can stand before the daintily equipped dressing-table and see yourself right-side-up and upside-down, sidewise, back, and front! You have to be a Constance Bennett to fully appreciate this strain of your personal appearance.

The largest of the specially woven off-white rugs is in the long gallery that opens through French windows onto the bricked terrace beyond which is the green lawn and the blue tiled swimming pool. In case you have been bewildered by the powder room mirrors, you may receive a settling shock by glancing into one of the twin metal-backed mirrors in the gallery, so old that the reflection is engagingly distorted.

"I picked them up in England," observed my hostess. "They look as if they should have a history, but unfortunately I don't

know what it is. You see, it took me three months to find the things I wanted for the house, and sometimes I looked for weeks for a single piece. Again, I'd pick up a lovely thing in five minutes, if I happened on exactly what I liked."

We moved on to the living room, an oblong carpeted in the same special weave, and dominated by a life-size portrait of Constance and her adopted son Peter, painted by Tino Costa. My hostess seated



Posed especially for SCREENLAND is the intimate glimpse of Constance, at top of page, pouring tea for her guests. Above, the hostess entertains.

herself on one of the dainty French sofas facing each other across the hearth opposite the portrait, and the amazing likeness of the unidealized painting was apparent. The girl in the portrait is a definite sort of person, with head held high.

"I don't like monotones," she observed, "so I didn't do any two rooms alike. I selected the fabrics myself and gave them to the upholsterers with careful instructions. In this room I used apricot velvet for those two chairs, powder blue for those, and that soft green there. The piano is an old one, picked up at an auction, but A. Vic Durando decorated it. He did the valance above the window, too, in the same delicate Chinese figures."

The screen is decorated with pale rose and blue flowers, glittering butterflies, birds and springlike twigs. The murals, five of them, are done in pastels, and make an effective background for the dark shining



Above, the playroom in Constance Bennett's home, done in knotty pine, with tables for games, sporting prints on the wall. At left, exterior view of the Bennett home, a French-Normandy house in Holmby Hills.



dining-room furniture, and the elaborate display of 17th Century silverware.

"I like to give dinners. It's my favorite mode of entertaining," commented Constance. "I plan the sort of menu that is perfectly balanced, so that no one feels uncomfortable afterwards because he has eaten too many starches, or has a sensation of hunger because the dishes aren't satisfying."

"I think men prefer foods that are not too dainty and not too difficult to eat. Women are easily pleased, for, in Holly-
(Please turn to page 71)



"GIRLS CAN LEARN from our movie romances", says BOOTS MALLORY, Star of Grand National Pictures—"hands are important. Though the cold tends to roughen a girl's hands, I keep mine smooth and soft for my 'big' scenes."

**SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS
ARE ROMANTIC" ...says
Boots Mallory**
(Grand National Pictures Star)



BOOTS MALLORY with ERIC LINDEN in "Here's Flash Casey"—a Grand National success

Why Lotion that GOES IN soon overcomes Roughness, Redness and Chapping

WIND, COLD AND WATER DRY the beauty-protecting moisture out of your skin. Then your hands easily roughen, look old and red. But you easily replace that lost moisture with Jergens Lotion which effectively goes into the parched skin. It goes in best of all lotions tested.

Two ingredients in Jergens soften and whiten so wonderfully that many doctors use them. Regular use prevents cruel chapping and roughness—keeps your hands smooth, young-looking, and worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or \$1.00—at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.



JERGENS LOTION

FREE: PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE OF JERGENS

See for yourself—entirely free—how effectively this fragrant Jergens Lotion goes in—softens and whitens chapped, rough hands.


The Andrew Jergens Co. 2340 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Beware - Alkalize




An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

30¢ & 60¢ PKGS.
OR BY THE GLASS
AT DRUG STORE
SODA FOUNTAINS

TUNE IN
THE NATIONAL
BARN DANCE
SATURDAY NIGHT
NBC-NETWORK

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS



WITH ALL THEIR LITTLE
ACHES AND PAINS
AND "MORNING AFTER" WOES,
WHO'D WANT TO LIVE
WITHOUT A MAN?
I WOULDN'T, -GOODNESS KNOWS!

MINE OVERSTUFFS
AND THEN COMPLAINS,
HIS STOMACH'S "ON A TEAR."
BUT A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER
SETTLES THINGS
RIGHT THEN AND THERE

WHEN COLDS OR HEADACHES
GET MY MAN
SAY! HE'S NO "ANGEL CHILD."
I GIVE HIM
ALKA-SELTZER
BEFORE HE DRIVES ME WILD

IMPORTED SIMULATED DIAMOND RING 15¢

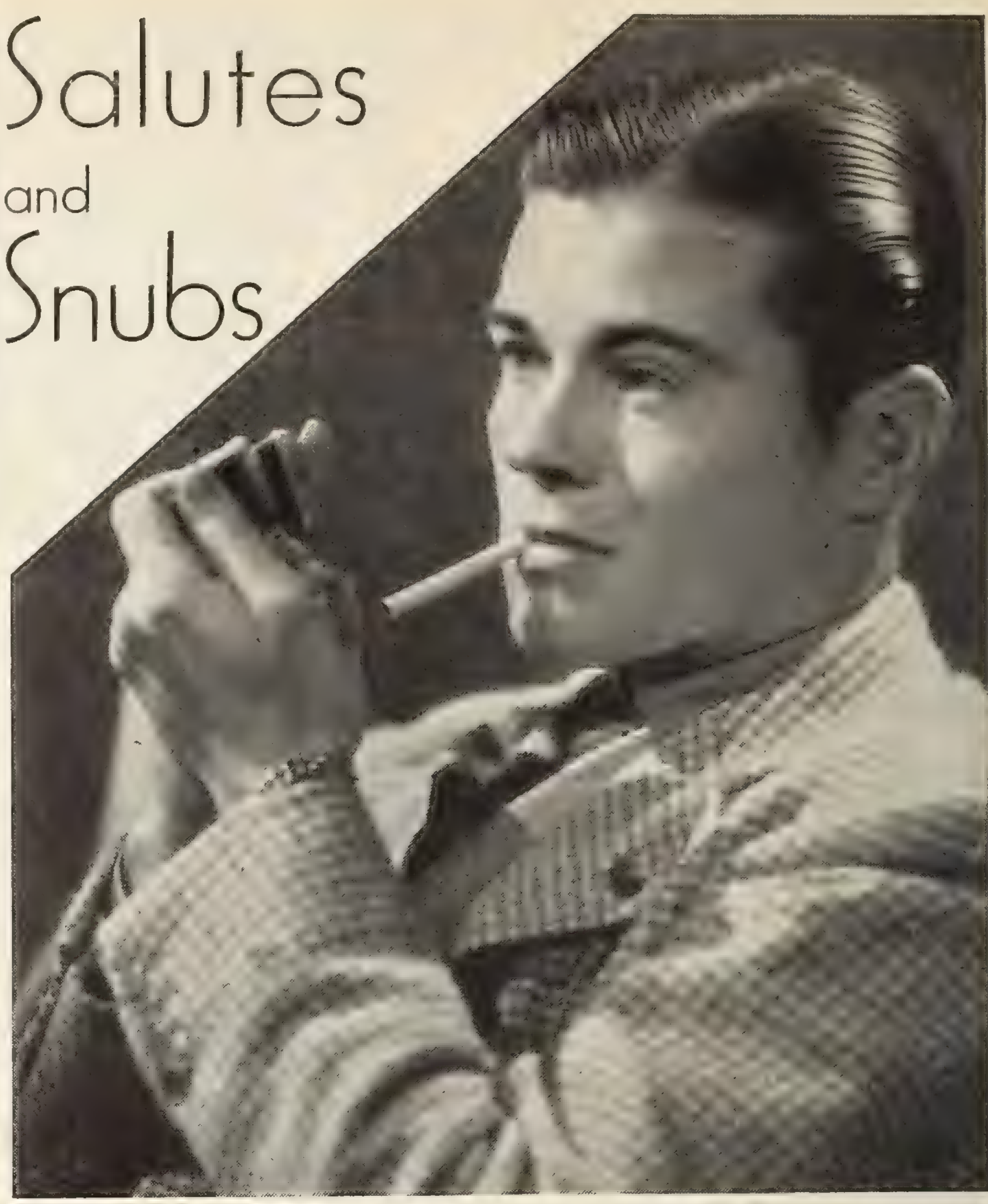
To introduce **HOLLYWOOD'S** Newest **ORIZABA** Diamond reproductions, Dazzling, Brilliant, full of Blazing Fire (worn by Movie Stars) we will send 1/2 Kt. simulated Brazilian **DIAMOND MOUNTED IN SOLID GOLD** effect ring as illustrated, (looks like \$150. gem) for 15c sent postpaid. Money back if not delighted. Agents Wanted. **FIELD'S DIAMOND CO.**—Dept. SU-510 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif. (2 for 25c)

MOTHS CAN'T LIVE IN A GENUINE LANE CEDAR CHEST



Nature's own moth preventive
FREE MOTH INSURANCE POLICY GIVEN WITH EACH CHEST

Salutes and Snubs



HER MAJESTY, GARBO

Here it is! A Salute to the greatest actress the screen has ever known. Long after today's favorites have faded into oblivion, her name will live on—a symbol of screen art. My homage to the queen of them all—Garbo.

Kathryn K. Mastros,
Omaha, Nebr.

HE-MEN AND A HONEY

When you cut the "society stuff" and get into common everyday English, like Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien, then you get something. And when you talk of cutting a pretty picture, you're mentioning Sonja "Skates" Henie. Sonja may look cool on that ice, but she's hot stuff as a theatre attraction.

Pat Purvis,
Spokane, Wash.

COMPOSITE GLAMOR

For a composite that would capture the beauty of Hollywood beauties, I'd choose: For Figures: Dorothy Lamour, Joan Crawford, Rosemary Lane, Bette Davis. For Hair-dress: Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye ("In Old Chicago"), Anita Louise. For Eyes: Virginia Bruce, Dorothy Lamour, Rosalind Russell, Loretta Young. For Charm: Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce, Kay Francis. For Style: Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Deanna Durbin, Joan Bennett, Rosemary Lane, Kay Francis.

Bertha Berry,
Detroit, Mich.

"THE LITTLE GUY" IS GREAT

Here's a Salute to Tom Brown, "the little guy" in "Navy Blue and Gold." Tom

Tom Brown, young (he's 25) old-timer, lights up as he looks ahead to the bigger opportunities letter writers are asking Hollywood to give him.

can act—and also play mighty good screen football. I have seen him play football in many pictures, and do a good job of it always. How's about a vote to elect Tom for better parts in finer films, Hollywood?

Margaret Sterritt,
Staunton, Va.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART, JR.

Here's wishing Deanna Durbin the best o'luck in her newest picture. A swell star, and a girl who is going places. I have seen Deanna in all her pictures and she is, for sure, another America's Sweetheart.

Ernest Ray,
Middleboro, Mass.

HANS AND HENIE

What I wonder is: Why doesn't Hollywood produce "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," with Gene Raymond as Hans and Sonja Henie—of course—as the feminine lead. It would be a beautiful picture, especially if it were done in color;

YOU'RE TELLING HOLLYWOOD!

Your ideas about pictures or picture stars really mean something when you put them on paper and send them to this department—the real voice of the people Hollywood must please, or else. So make up your mind to say what you think, and become a guest star-reporter by sending your thoughts to us in a letter to the Salutes and Snubs columns. All your letters are welcome. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

and both Sonja and Gene would be perfectly cast.

Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

CALLING GEORGE RAFT

Many pictures and many stars, but in my opinion none can equal George Raft. So what? So more pictures. It would be like the good old times if George Raft films were more frequent. And I'm hoping that happens.

Stella Silko,
Chicago, Ill.

OOP! AN ARGUMENT

I want to give three loud rousing cheers for the most refreshing bit of fun these optics have witnessed in a twelvemonth. Its name is "It's Love I'm After." So bouquets, and don't spare the orchids, to Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Eric Blore, Olivia de Havilland, and Bonita Granville.

N. Maisel,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

When I saw "It's Love I'm After" I was very much disappointed. It's a shame to sacrifice two of drama's close friends, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, to such farce. What could Warner Brothers have been thinking of when they made that picture?

Laurence Wiggin,
Tilton, N. H.

GLAD YOU LIKED IT

SCREENLAND deserves a vote of thanks for the article on the MacDonald-Eddy "Feud." Personally I couldn't believe that two such grand people as these stars would stoop to anything so picayune.

Katharine Smith,
Reading, Pa.

FRANKIE DARRO CHAMPION

Frankie Darro's performances in such pictures as "The Mayor of Hell," "Wild Boys of the Road" and "Three Kids and a Queen" will linger long in my memory. What an actor, that boy! Yet in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" Frankie's talents were shunted into the background, and the spotlight was on Mickey Rooney. Mickey is good, but that's no reason to subordinate Frankie Darro.

Elsie Robetson,
Hartford, Conn.

'RAY FOR THE McCREAS

Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea happen to be my favorite actor and actress. Joel is natural in every part he plays; an actor who can put over a character and not make a great fuss about it. His beautiful wife, Frances Dee, is one of the screen's most charming actresses.

Evelyn M. Shinn,
Huntington Park, Calif.

HOW MANY WILL AGREE?

I think many girls will agree with me that Edward Everett Horton is no longer the type to play the lover, especially opposite a young girl as in "Oh, Doctor." He is a good actor, but leave out the Romeo part, unless the Juliet is an older woman.

Betty Nelson,
White Plains, N. Y.

LA ANNABELLA

Here's a toast to one of the best actresses on the screen—Annabella. This charming girl has something entirely different and refreshing about her; personality, life, beauty and the ability to act—all of which I have seen delightfully demonstrated in her pictures from England and France.

Pamela McDougall,
Ottawa, Canada

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S *Lucky in love?*

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion...win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited...I know, because I've seen it happen....Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality?

But to do all this, *and more*, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you *will* find the one that can "do things" for you.

For *one certain color* can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness...make it vibrant, alive! Another color that *looks* almost the same in the box,

may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are my gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes...the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (41)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

*He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !*

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE
PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!

What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like
ambitions serves a lady who thinks
he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!



Bill at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breath-
taking beauty and dramatic
fire you merely glimpsed in
"Wings of the Morning" . . .
now, in her first American-
made picture, the most glam-
orously exciting personality
ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM
POWELL
and
ANNABELLA
in
"The BARONESS
and the BUTLER"

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play
by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production.

The year's gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!



The

Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Louise Fazenda

Louise Fazenda is news again, since her hit in "Swing Your Lady"—that's Louise wrestling with Nat Pendleton in scene at far left. Top, the real Fazenda. Left, remember Louise as the Patsy of the old Mack Sennett comedies?

DEAR LOUISE:

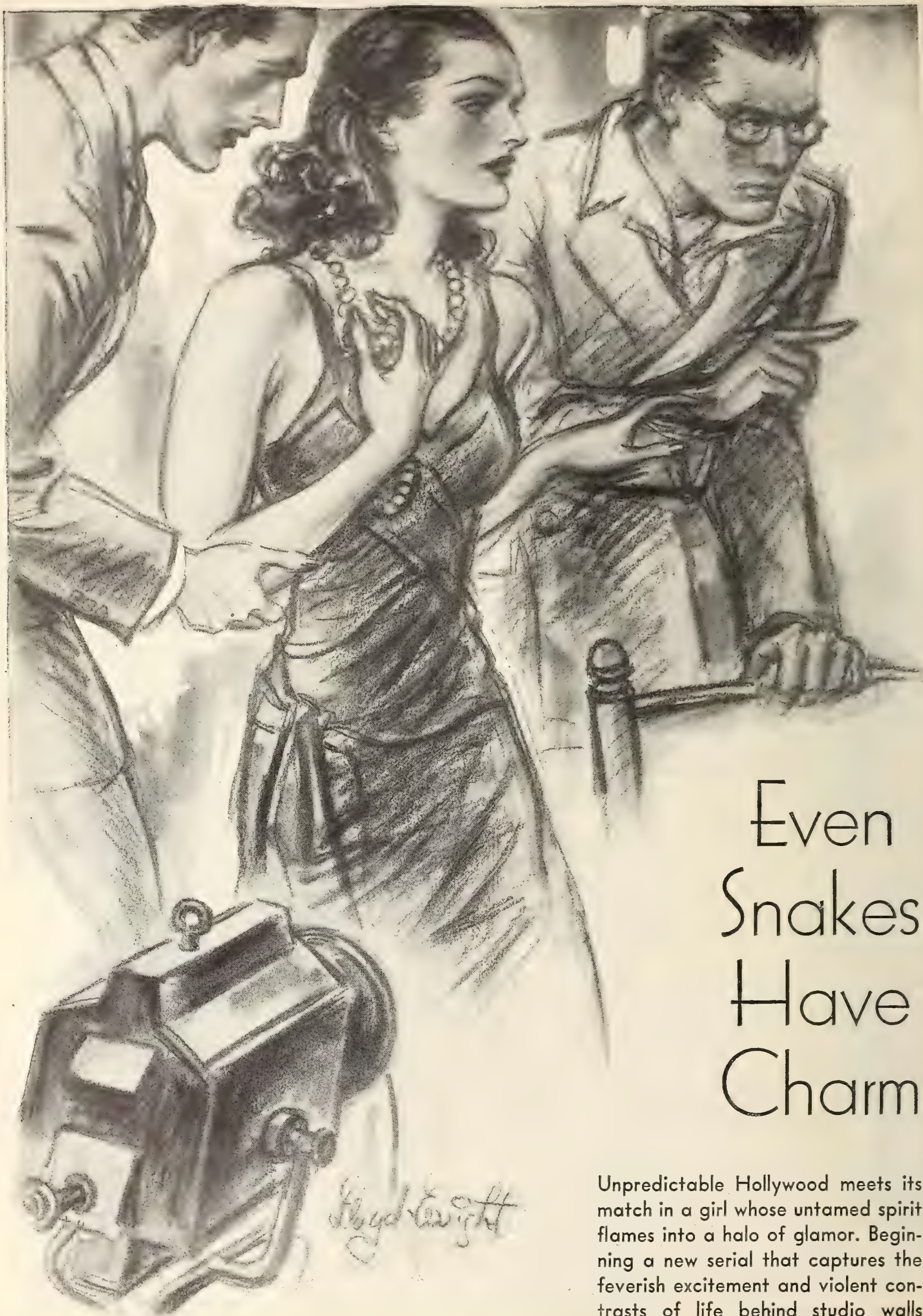
Here's a cheer for the best sport in pictures. Now don't look all around Hollywood to see who I mean. Just glance into your mirror—for once. (You don't do that very often, thereby proving yourself the most unique actress in movies.) You'll find yourself face to face with the best sport, one of the finest troupers, and the queen of common sense in cinema circles. And of course you won't believe it.

After years of watching movie stars rising, falling, skipping and skidding and losing balance generally, I have come to the conclusion that you are the one and only Hollywood player to have kept, through those years, your equilibrium, your sense of humor, and your job—all at once. Mary Pickford has maintained the first two, but not the last. Gorgeous Gloria Swanson—let's skip it. Others, who started with you when the screen was young, are too sad stories even to think about. You, though, have kept your chin up in the face of custard pies, talking pictures, and glamor cycles; since the old Mack Sennett days you've been the Patsy of pictures, the butt of slapsticks, the target for tomatoes, the recipient of rude raspberries—and you've never lost a laugh or a friend. What other screen personage can match that record?

And today—you're thrilled at playing the part of a lady blacksmith in "Swing Your Lady." Now the rôle of a lady blacksmith is not every woman's idea of fun. But it seems to be yours. How you wanted that part! All through the casting of the picture you listened wistfully to the plans for it—for you happen to be

married to an important executive at the studio which produced it. But ask for it? Oh, no. Hope for it? That was different. And when you got it you were happier than a new ingénue from Broadway at being cast as Cleopatra complete with a new set of over-size eyelashes and everything. What started as one of those "Class B" pictures sneaked up into the hit class and you found yourself newly famous and sought-after and on a personal appearance tour. The fact that your naturally attractive personality was submerged in the brawn and boisterousness of that hefty part didn't bother you at all. You learned to take comedy falls in the old days and you've never forgotten. Now on these personal appearances you are facing many picture-goers who don't remember farther back than the first talkie; but they know what they like and it's still Fazenda. Perhaps it's because after years of success in the world's most luxurious artistic city you are still down-to-earth. Instead of a mansion you live on a ranch. You're married to a producer—but you still take tests for a part. Your great admiration is still for troupers like Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh. In a city of illusion, you're still real. And when you're asked by big-city reporters, "To what do you attribute your years of continuous success on the screen?" you reply humbly, "I'm just lucky." Long may you wrestle.

Delight Swann



Even Snakes Have Charm

Unpredictable Hollywood meets its match in a girl whose untamed spirit flames into a halo of glamor. Beginning a new serial that captures the feverish excitement and violent contrasts of life behind studio walls



By Frederick Stowers

PART I

Illustrated by
Lloyd Wright

THE small, black haired, dark skinned electrician was seated in the Barrett chair, eating his lunch. An unemotional, matter-of-fact fellow, he barely glanced up as Marcia Court entered the stage. This was little less than human.

Even in a business where a beautiful woman is no novelty Marcia rated considerably more than a casual look. She was a brassy blonde with an excellent figure. But instead of having womanly grace and the charm of culture, her movements were feline, like the aggressive tread of a bold, predatory animal. She somehow conveyed the same menace and defiance with her body that she did with her features.

Marcia wasn't exactly beautiful along conventional lines, perhaps, but she was as subtly alluring as a Venetian blind, and there was a strange fascination in watching her long lidded, ice blue eyes, incredibly cold, her sullen mouth with its drooping corners, and the defiant set of her well shaped head as she let her faintly contemptuous glance wander over the set.

This motion picture set consisted of a grand staircase which rose majestically from the center of the stage in a long sweep of stairs to a landing fifteen feet above. On either side of the landing was an angled archway, these archways presumably leading to an upper floor.

At the landing, on the backing wall, there was a huge mirror, on either side of which were marble pedestals with matched vases filled with roses. At the upper landing the stairs were ten feet in width. As they descended they broadened out, following the ever widening fan of the double balustrades, ending at stage level with two

"Please, Walter," Anne said. "She didn't mean to be rude." Marcia's eyes blazed. "Oh, yes; I did!" she said harshly. "And don't trouble yourself to intercede for me!"

large newels, each newel surmounted with a bronze statuette. The newels were spaced twenty feet apart.

This staircase set was the kind for which the motion picture studios were famous, and down which all stars fondly made an entrance in at least one picture at some time or another. The set was dressed and ready to shoot, in that it had been swept clean and the staircase and stage were free from any obstruction. A sound camera was set up and sun arcs and broads were already focused on the stairway, but were not now lighted. The stage was dark with the exception of a single utility lamp—a two hundred watt globe mounted atop an eight foot upright pipe, which was imbedded in *(Please turn to page 94)*

SCREENLAND

Snoop Says: Hollywood is in its Second Childhood!

When million dollar movie stars act like babies, it means they've gone game-mad. Come along to topflight parties with our Snoop and see what goes on

By The Snoop
(Otherwise Liza)



Stars even play The Game between scenes at the studios. Here's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., left, acting out "What light through yonder window breaks?" while Irene Dunne, director Tay Garnett, and playwright Allan Scott try to guess, on the set of "Joy of Loving." Below, Joan Blondell is acting "Give me liberty or give me death" while Ruth Puresley, Joan's pal, sister Gloria Blondell, and Marek Windheim look on.

BEING a collector of sorts—and I have collected quite a few things in my life besides dust—I once went in for collecting old phonograph records from second-hand stores. Among my graphophonia was a little number called "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies" which I picked up in the Bronx and which had a gay lilting tune with such sly innuendo that I am certain it must have been considered very naughty in its day. I used to play it by the hour for anyone who would drop in for a snort of bath-tub gin with an orange juice chaser.

Now I hadn't thought of my little pet, which was eventually crushed by a guest who sat down too quickly, for years, until one night last winter I walked into the rather formal Bel-Air home of Edith and Bill Goetz—he's a top-flight production executive—and saw very nicely dressed and seemingly intelligent people screaming and making faces at other people who were assuming the most amazing postures. To my utter bafflement I saw Claudette Colbert sucking her thumb greedily as she swayed from side to side, Kay Francis growling from under the piano, Marlene Dietrich all unmindful of her lamé and her emeralds crawling on her stomach, and



dignified Norma Shearer galloping about on an imaginary horse and grinning like a prize idiot.

"Have they gone nuts?" I asked. "Yes—and no," said Gary Cooper. "They're playing 'The Game.'" (I later discovered that Claudette was doing "On the good ship Lollypop," Kay Francis was acting out "Androcles and the Lion," and Marlene Dietrich was giving her all to "The early bird catches the worm," while Norma Shearer acted with fervor "Buck Benny rides again.")

Well, when I saw these adult movie stars cutting up capers like kiddies from the kindergarten I immediately grabbed "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies" off one of the many vacant shelves of what I optimistically call my mind and presented it as the theme song of Game-Mad Hollywood. I'm sure Mr. Cole Porter couldn't do better.

Hollywood hasn't been so cute and childish since Mary Pickford tossed her pretty curls right in America's face. And that was a long time ago. Since then Hollywood has grown up and pottered about in such adult things as societies for pro-this and anti-that, guilds and strikes, Gaugin and Schiaparelli and Ballet Russe. But the softening, it seems, has set in, and



Edward Arnold and John McCormack, noted singer, perform "The birdies that sing in the spring, tra-la" at a Hollywood party, left. That's Ernst Lubitsch, above, cutting capers at the Frank Chapmans' (Gladys Swarthout) cocktail party. From left to right: John Boles, Robert Montgomery, Lubitsch, Gladys and her husband, Frank Chapman.



Hollywood today is definitely in the throes of its second childhood. And what a Baby Snooks it is!

"The Game" is the cause of it all. Out of the East it came shagging last winter, close on the heels of "The Big Apple," and since then there has been no rest for the weary, and nothing but sheer torture for the shy. Now you'd think, wouldn't you, that movie stars who have to act from nine to six every day at the studio in front of a camera would

be pretty fed up with acting by the time the day's work is over, and would be perfectly content to swallow a spoonful of purée of spinach and fall into bed. That used to be the case, but no longer. Now they can hardly wait to get home, take their make-up off, and start acting all over again for that cursed "Game." In fact directors are complaining bitterly that their stars take far more interest in their acting in the Countess di Frasso's drawing-room than they do on Stage 9.

Time was when I rather looked forward to a dinner in a star's home, a leisurely, lovely dinner with nothing more upsetting than the usual clash over whether Miriam Hopkins or Katharine Hepburn should play *Scarlett O'Hara*, followed by a gentle game of bridge or ping pong, or if worst comes to worst, conversation. And home in bed by twelve. But, alas, that was ante-"Game" days. Apostles of "The Game" think nothing of staying up until five in the morning. And rare indeed is the evening, or rather morning, that I leave on speaking terms with anyone in the party—and certainly not with the star who has branded my unique type of acting as "lousy." Well then, how would you do "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox"?

If you are planning a trip to Hollywood any time soon I advise you to get a general idea of "The Game," else you'll be the *Alice Adams* of Beverly Hills. In case you have lived a sheltered life and never had the Spanish Inquisition thrust down your throat, "The Game" goes something like this, though of course the rules change with the various groups of players. Two or more teams are chosen, which may be composed of from three to ten people each, and each team has a captain whose chief duty it is to give out the (Please turn to page 77)



Accents come with the imported glamor every Hollywood studio now boasts. We give you graphic glimpses of stars who add exotic color to filmdom's cosmopolitan complexion

ENGLISH

Broken Here!

By Linn Lambert

BEING a quaint Bostonian, with what was fondly believed to be a fairly adequate vocabulary, doesn't qualify one to be a magazine writer in Hollywood any more. One must now speak all languages, including the Scandinavian and double-talk, to cope with the influx of foreign talent, which is keeping Hollywood in that w.k. state of flux. Not being too bright to begin with, and having lost what little perspective I had, from living too close to Hollywood Boulevard, the Situation had to creep up on me and come right into my parlor, before I discovered that the Cinema had gone Continental.

When I found myself frantically dialling for a friend who spoke Czech, in order to make an impromptu cocktail party more comfortable for my guests, came the Realization that perhaps there was some significance to something. Then, when I began to hear people at cozy neighborhood snack bars pondering why all gin-slugs over the third were not on the house as they were at Raffles', I became curious as to the reason behind this immigration *de-luxe*. After much cogitation, I herewith submit my findings:

European plan: We have Luli Deste, commonly called "Dynamite Deste," because she likes to use her days off to dynamite trees and stuff on her ranch. A Viennese Venus who "Married An



Danielle Darrieux, from France, above; a bit self-conscious about her English in casual conversation, but letter-perfect before the cameras. Left, from Vienna comes Rose Stradner, whose Hollywood debut was with Edward G. Robinson in "The Last Gangster."

Artist"—John Boles, cinematically speaking, of course. Look her over yourself—Cohn of Columbia brought her in.

Paramount gives us Isa Miranda and Franciska Gaal. *Eesa* came into pictures the hard way, via Italy. Modelling, stenography, extra work, and so on. But she arrived in Hollywood with an entourage and many trunks, plus an enormous automobile. A brown-eyed blonde, and a very tasty morsel, indeed.

Franciska is another bit of Hungary. You'll be able to judge her for yourself when you see her in "The Buccaneer." A fat assignment for her first Hollywood rôle, but she deserves it, as you'll agree. Resembling Hayes, Pickford, and Bergner, she's individual enough withal to remain just

that Gaal girl, and about as individualistic as they come.

By now, you must know that Universal's mite for the movies *mélange* is Danielle Darrieux. If you don't, you've been living on one of those Outer Islands. For her pictures are everywhere, and in each one she looks different. She has the most mobile and photogenic face these prying eyes have ever seen. Small mouth and usual eyes one moment. Large, gamine mouth and wide-open doll's eyes the next. She believes her eyes are not attractive, and insists upon making them up herself, but I don't think you'll agree with her. Beauty, brains, love and success in her chosen field, has our Danielle. Very much in love with her writer-husband, Monsieur Decoin, she is utterly content with her simple California routine. Plunge in the pool, breakfast, walk in the hills with her husband; luncheon, English lesson, and perhaps to the studio for tests. She appreciates all she has, wherein she's very smart. Takes her work seriously but without fuss. Is very business-like at the studio. While a bit self-conscious

about her English in casual conversation, when she's before the camera she's letter perfect, with no effort. When she's through, she shrugs her shoulders, implying "That's That," and goes on home. Lovely legs. Wears boy's bicycling suits around the house. Knickers and fitted jacket, with brightly colored jerseys underneath. For comfort only. And there's no pretense about it, for she wears plain brown 98¢ sneakers and no sox.

Fernand Gravet is the Warner Wow. Boyish, sophisticated, thoroughly charming. Working in "Fool's For Scandal" with Lombard, and I mean working, he constantly studied his script when not actually in a scene. Joined Carole in her pranks occasionally, but his heart wasn't in it. You'll read it many times, but it is none the less true that his rôle in "The King and the Chorus Girl" is very typical of the real Gravet.

M. G. M. has so many imports that they fill a hotel.



Fernand Gravet, above, whose boyish yet sophisticated charm won him instant popularity with American audiences. Far right, Annabella, also from Paris, makes her Hollywood star début with William Powell. Right, Ilona Massey, blonde singing star from Vienna.





It was especially discouraging when the manager, after hearing her sing once, cautioned her to keep quiet thereafter if she wished to keep her fine job in the chorus. But she was a good little girl and kept up her lessons, and finally Fate Stepped In, aided by a little gumption on Ilona's part. She up and went to Vienna, and was eventually given unimportant rôles in one of the smaller theatres there, and doubled as the understudy to the leading lady. Came the fateful night when the poor leading lady just couldn't make it, and of course the manager of the Vienna State Opera House was in the audience. From there on, it was a cinch. Even the night Ilona made her début as an opera-singer couldn't have been staged better with the aid of pumpkins, for Benjamin Thau of M. G. M. was in the audience. Signed, sealed, and delivered to Hollywood, and by now you've probably seen her fragile blonde beauty in "Rosalie" with Nelson Eddy.

The other M. G. M. comer, had a bit of a start on Ilona, geographically speaking, in that she got to Vienna the easy way—she was born there. But it evens up, on account of Rose didn't assert herself until she was nineteen. Then she went directly to the Head Man, Max Reinhardt, and asked for an audition. Then came a Five-Year Plan of plain, unadulterated hard work, during which time her great versatility was displayed, appearing as she did in a variety of important stage plays. Those busy motion picture talent scouts finally caught up with her, and M. G. M. signed her immediately, after seeing her portraits. Her first rôle in Hollywood must have taken a bit of hasty readjustment, as right away she had to play cops 'n rob-
(Please turn to page 72)

But literally. They keep them in a hotel in Culver City (and a hotel that many of you readers would disdain), where they live anything but glamorously. First off, they are given a six-weeks layoff, just for nothing. Then when they start working, they are given about a hundred a week.

So far, only two have emerged—Rose Stradner and Ilona Massey. Hedy LeMarr (Keisler), has joined this group, but no one knows just what will happen to this really attractive girl. She has very odd eyes; the smudgy kind. Goes about quietly, trying not to be noticed. One feels sorry for her. The exotic Tilly Losch also calls M. G. M. her home.

Ilona Massey is another variation on the Cinderella theme. Born in Budapest of Hungarian parents, her only equipment for life, beside her beauty, was her ability to "sew a fine seam," and any man in the street will tell you that never got a girl very far. As she bowed her blonde head over her work, however, she dreamed the age-old dream, and saw herself as a glittering opera-singer, acclaimed by the world. For a while the obstacles to this shining goal seemed insurmountable, but she finally succeeded in gaining a toe-hold in the chorus. However, supporting her parents on the meager twelve dollars a month did not leave much time nor energy for those roseate dreams.



Italy's gift to the film colony's foreign legion is Isa Miranda, top of page. Brown-eyed, blonde, Isa arrived in Hollywood with an entourage and many trunks, plus an enormous automobile. Above, Franciska Gaal, DeMille's new star, another Viennese beauty. Right, Hedy LeMarr (Keisler), star of "Ecstasy," the foreign film that had such censor troubles here, is another star Hollywood import.



The Rise of REGAN

He let Hollywood guess wrong about him!
Now he's a success, and still a happy
husband and a proud father

By Whitney Williams



While Regan smiled and sang his way to screen success, his happy family life went on undisturbed. See him, at far left, first with his two sons, then with his two daughters. Left, with Dorothy McNulty in a scene from a new Republic picture.



“WE’RE teaching our children, my wife and I, that it’s only through luck that we’re even in California—and that their father is on the screen, at all.”

No, it’s no sage philosopher speaking. Phil Regan was telling how he felt about the success he’s scored recently, in such films as “The Hit Parade” and “Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.” And how he and his wife are taking it.

“We don’t live in Hollywood, so a good many of our neighbors don’t even know I’m in pictures. We’re trying to impress on the kids they’re no different from any others, whose fathers might be bookkeepers or insurance salesmen. If we can stress that fact sufficiently, so that they’ll grow up with no enlarged opinion of their own importance—all the kids at school, of course, know they’re the sons and daughters of a movie actor—we figure we’ve done our part and accomplished a victory.”

In certain respects, Phil Regan is the most un-Hollywood person ever to arrive in the film capital. There are other actors—plenty of ’em—whom you’d never take to be world-famous celebrities when you meet them, but this young singing star, father of four by the time he was twenty-four, is in a class by himself. His viewpoint is somewhat unique in the world’s most glamorous city.

If you remember your news, you’ll recall that it wasn’t so long ago that Hollywood learned Phil Regan was married—far less the father of two sons and as many daughters. His name had been linked romantically with this cinema-lovely and that, he had been regarded one of Hollywood’s most eligible young bachelors—and it was a jarring shock when the story finally broke that this good-looking singer, whose voice carried an appeal most women found irresistible, had been happily wed for nearly fourteen years!

It was through no machination or design of Phil’s, though, that the world failed to know he was a loving husband and parent. Phil is partic- (Please turn to page 74)



Does Bette Davis, top, succeed on sex-appeal? Is it art or legs that make a star of Dietrich? Is Miriam Hopkins a beautiful blonde orchid, or just another actress? Better read our controversial feature and find out!

Is Sex Slipping

Daring deductions on burning question, by noted author! Do you agree?

By Benjamin DeCasseres

a scenario writer. She was entertaining a group of directors, picture actors, actresses and critics.

They had all come East simultaneously, as it were, to go on location on 52d Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. The critics were, as usual, listening and drinking. Champagne was being served. Cocktails and a still white wine had preceded. So the question had now settled itself down to: "Is the sex-stuff losing its grip in pictures, or isn't it?—and why not?"

"It's all over-estimated, I tell you," howled a director whose shirt was about to part with a gold shirt-button. "The greatest box-office pullers have not depended on the sex angle to get over."

"Show us," demanded a handsome new female star.

"In the old days," said the director, lifting his glass for the fourth filling, "there were 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' and 'Humoresque,' for instance."

"And Charlie Chaplin, and Doug and Mary—they didn't play to sex at all," broke in an art director, who had just returned from a little interior decorating in Leon and Eddie's.

"SEX! It's all goulash!"

"Right! Sex never made a picture!"

"No sex, no picture!—get me?"

"Sex is a wash-out!—it isn't even hereditary any longer."

"It's big box-office, always, I tell you!"

And so the storm raged over the long table in the dining-room of the Park avenue penthouse of our hostess,



Does Olivia de Havilland always remind you of Sunday? What of Claudette Colbert, below, with those Mediterranean eyes, and storms and smiles always brewing on her lips?



in Pictures?

"Well, today," continued the director, while the hostess gave orders for more iced fire-buckets, "we have, off-hand, such pictures as 'Captains Courageous,' 'The Life of Emile Zola,' 'The Informer,' 'Dr. Pasteur,' 'The House of Rothschild,' 'The Good Earth'—where sex appeal is almost *nil*."

"Why do you say *nil* when you mean *nerts*?" asked a "gentleman friend" of the hostess, whom I put down as a Santa Barbara saloonkeeper.

This somehow set all tongues wagging at once. General bombardment, out of which I picked up on my high-powered mental antennae the following:

"You tell me that Wallace Beery has male It!—you sap!"

"How do you explain that two of the biggest, Janet Gaynor and Bette Davis, do not succeed on sex-appeal? Ha!"

"Yeah? But what of Claudette Colbert—those Mediterranean eyes! Storms and smiles always brewing on her lips! Lure, promise, moonlight and pretzels!"

"Purple mush!"

"Take the war pictures—sex doesn't put them over."

"Pat O'Brien draws the women?—oh, megod!"

"Dietrich! Dietrich!—you tell me she isn't the whole show? I say she is. She's *It deluxe*. Forehead of Minerva (yep, fill it up again), chiseled by Rodin, somno-somnolently beautiful—get me? Reticent, Garden of Eden stuff—"

"Then there's D.S.M."

"Whaz that?"

"Destructive sex magnetism. Dangerous but big box

office. It killed Barbara La Mar, Wally Reid and Rudy Valentino. They awakened terrific sex vibrations that returned to them multiplied a million-fold. They were literally consumed by their men and women adorers."

"Bah! you're getting goofy. But who's got any of that D. S. M., as you call it, today?"

"I wouldn't dare say. But there are some."

"You don't mean Edna May Oliver?"

"Edna is one of the finest and most wholesome actresses on the screen. I won't hear her joked about."

"Pardon me. Well, where do you place Edward Everett Horton—any D. S. M. there?"

"Miriam Hopkins—beautiful blonde orchid—"

"There's no sex appeal in Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies—look how they get over!"

"Critics? their organ of criticism is in their stomachs. The great motion picture critic does not yet live."

"What d'ye mean by sex appeal, anyhow?"

"Juliet, Isolde, Cleopatra, Carmen, Thais and Wally Beery, you cluck."

Our hostess: "Bring some more iced fire-buckets, James."

"Fred Astaire had so little sex appeal that one company turned him down. Well, (Please turn to page 70)

DO YOU know what I miss the most in Hollywood? Smörgasbord and snow!"

Garbo gave her low deep laugh and looked round at the icy Swedish landscape, her golden head bare in the bitter wind, her sea-blue eyes sparkling with happiness. Slender as one of the frosted birches she stood there like a triumphant Northern princess in her black cloth coat, severely tailored without any touch of fur, a white silk scarf swathed carelessly round her throat. In her arms she held the great sheaf of flowers presented to her by the Captain of the "Gripsholm" before she left his ship to tread on her native soil again.

When Garbo goes home she is always treated as the truly great lady she is and she responds with gracious charm. She travelled as "Mr. Jonas Emersen" but a message of welcome and polite entreaty to the stateroom brought her out to smilingly acknowledge her identity and talk to reporters and pose for photographers without hesitation. Gaily and courteously she answered the hail of questions—this lovely star whom Hollywood finds so shy and secretive!

"No, of course there is no Mr. Emersen. Please do not credit me with still another romance. I assure you I am not going to marry anybody at present. Do I think that marriage and film work can be successfully combined? I have never considered it but I imagine it would depend entirely on the person one married. No, I am not going to make a film in Europe. I have come for a holiday and to see my family, nothing else. Yes, I would probably

Arriving at Gothenburg, below, Garbo gaily answered reporters' questions, posed for photographers. Contrary to published stories picturing her as depressed and pessimistic, SCREENLAND gives you the Garbo her family and friends in Sweden know.



With



act in a Swedish film if I ceased working in America but that will not be yet a while. Yes, I

have seen many of the English films and I think the historical ones are by far the best. 'Rembrandt' and 'Fire Over England' were excellent. Flora Robson was magnificent as old *Queen Elizabeth*. I would have been very proud to give such a performance myself. No, I am not going to play *Joan of Arc*. Has that silly story got to Europe too? It is so idiotic!

"I am tired of period pictures and I want to do something modern now. My next film is to be a comedy, as I expect you know. Will I be allowed to keep my lover in it? Certainly I am hoping so! Don't you think it is high time they let me end a picture happily with a kiss? I do. I seem to have lost so many attractive men in the final scenes!"

It was nearly an hour later when Garbo took smiling farewell and entered the train at Gothenburg docks for the last stage of her long journey to her country home at Haarby near Stockholm. This is the first time Garbo has seen it though she sent the money from California so that her mother and brother could buy the little Swedish manor-house set in its farmlands and groves of larches, birches, firs, and summer poplars. It is typical of the land, a low cream-walled house with its wooden shutters and pointed roof gables picked out with touches of glowing color, green and scarlet and turquoise blue. When Garbo came home the snow-covered drive from the road to the arching door was illuminated by dozens of torches and the curtains of every window were drawn back so that the lamps could shine brightly out.

First exclusive glimpse of Greta as she loafs
and plays on vacation in her native land

By Hettie Grimstead

Garbo at Home



The Garbo that Hollywood knows is not the Garbo who chatters and laughs on vacation in her homeland. At right above, view of the comfortable, unpretentious house which Greta calls home in her beloved Sweden.



Mrs. Gustafsson arranged that traditional Swedish welcome for her daughter. She is very like Greta herself, tall and

straight and strong, habitually serious yet with an under vein of bubbling humor, and tremendously hard-working. Both are characteristic of their stately country where winter lasts from November till May and so slows down the tempo of daily life to a quiet pace incredible to those who have never experienced it.

Born to this almost Arctic weather, Garbo finds it natural. Early in the morning she goes out with her farmer brother in thick leather blouse over two of the patterned woollen sweaters her mother has knitted for her, with heavy trousers and the stout nailed boots so necessary to tread the frozen ground. She visits the cows deep in their heated shippens and looks at the pigs in their tiled quarters and tramps across the wood where the servant girl is gathering fallen branches for the stove. The sun shines strongly and the air is like iced champagne.

For the midday meal Mrs. Gustafsson prepares the smörgasbord her daughter misses in California, dishes containing every kind of delicious *hors d'oeuvre* with the largest one of smoked herrings, for Greta adores those. Often the main course is the broiled ham she also likes and then there is rye bread and cheese made from goats milk. They all drink laager beer, always leaving a little in the tall glasses to insure continued prosperity for the household.

Garbo's home is simply furnished in the national manner with light birchwood chairs and tables, striped linens and vivid pottery and elaborately patterned woollen rugs. The big kitchen is the family room where meals are eaten and sewing done—Garbo herself can embroider exquisitely. The parlor has a couple of rocking chairs and some high-backed couches and a sideboard from which afternoon coffee is served when visitors call.

Garbo's own room is plain and bare, her narrow bed of painted wood with a chest to match and long cupboards for her clothes. She has a shelf of favorite books and a growing plant in a bowl (*Please turn to page 80*)

Joan, Dick & Co.

IT WAS last September, and a Thursday night, and Dick Powell and his little bride of a year were tearing into a frugal meal on the kitchen table in the Powell Beverly Hills mansion. Cook's night out and every star in town was at the Trocadero guzzling filet mignons and dancing the Big Apple—but not the Powells, they were in the midst of a "recession." Once a month the Powells are struck by an economy wave, which no one takes seriously except themselves, and which invariably winds up in a magnificent splurge. The last recession came to an abrupt end when Dick bought a sixty-five foot yacht, and the time before that it was a new silver fox cape for Joan with so many foxes that it had to be thinned out before you could find Joan.

"It costs me eleven hundred dollars a week just to run this house," said Dick, devouring a fried egg and several slivers of bacon exquisitely scorched by the beautifully manicured hands of his winsome wife. "That's outrageous, Joanie. We'll end up on the poor farm. Now if we could only sell this place and get a small apartment—"

"I'll look for apartments tomorrow," said Joan, crunching on bacon and eyeing Dick's fast disappearing egg very wistfully. "We could manage with two rooms and a kitchenette. But what would we do with all this furniture? Why don't you sell the boat instead of the house? It makes me seasick anyway."

"But my darling little bride, I've just bought the *Galatea*," said Dick, "it wouldn't be practical to sell it so soon. But that's an idea—we'll sell the house and live on the boat! That will save us a thousand dollars a week! Wouldn't you like that?"

"No," said Joan, "I think it would be better to change the laundryman. I'm sure he's overcharging us for sheets. Dick, dear, did you enjoy the egg?"

"Uh-huh, it was delicious. Why?"

"It was the only egg we had," said Joan rising to the drama of the occasion. "And I wanted it awfully. But I gave it to you. Oh, don't mind about me! I can starve. No one will care if I pass away



"Mama Joan" may not look the domestic type, above, but she's one of Hollywood's most devoted mothers. Look at Normie, left, who wants to know whether his new baby sister or brother is coming in an auto or a truck. Either a sister or a brother will suit Normie. "Anyising that's real," he says.



from hunger! It's a man's world—it's—"

"Oh, my wonderful little wife! You did all that for *me*! Honey, you go right upstairs and put on your best clothes and we'll go to the Trocadero and simply stuff ourselves with squab."

The "recession" was over once more and the Powells were just about to step out for a gay evening when the telephone started ringing. First it was Walter Winchell who wanted to know if it was true that they were going to have a baby. "No," said Joan. Then Louella Parsons called. "No," said Joan. Then came calls in quick succession from every columnist and air commentator in town. "No," said Joan. "But what's it all about?" said Dick frankly amazed.

They didn't have to wonder long for in the midst of all the excitement

First and only exclusive family interview with Papa Dick and Mama Joan Powell, who "tell all" in their own gay way. (With asides by son Normie.)

By Elizabeth Wilson



Proud Papa Powell says: "When I become a family man, I believe in having a family." Dick has legally adopted Joan's little son—shown in a new picture at right when Normie visited his mother on the set at Columbia Studios.



—Mrs. Powell had forgotten both the egg and the squab—the doorbell rang and there on the threshold was Miss So-and-So, Joan's three-year-old son's teacher from his private school.

"Oh, Mrs. Powell," the dear lady beamed and blushed, "I was driving by and I just couldn't resist dropping in to tell you how happy I am for you. Normie told us at the school today. Isn't it just wonderful!"

"Normie told you *what*?" said Joan, a light beginning to break.

"He said he was going to have a little baby sister very soon now!"

"But it isn't true," said Joan. "Why should he say anything like that? Oh, I know, I know now. Dick, remember the baby shower that I had for Lorena Danker last week? Well, Normie came in to see the presents and Lorena asked him if he wanted a little baby sister! I won't ever need a press agent, it seems, my own son will look after my publicity!"

"But Joanie," said Dick several hours later when peace and quiet had returned to Beverly Hills, "we ought not to let Normie down. If he says it's so, it ought to be so, don't you think?" And Joan didn't say, "No." After all, you can't make a fibber out of your own son.

So comes June Dick Powell will become a real *bona fide* Papa. Legally, he is already a father for in January he adopted the irrepressible Normie. "When I do things," said Dick with a grin, "I believe in doing them well. When I become a family man, I believe in having a family." If the Powell offspring is a girl it will be named Patricia Powell because Joan likes the name Patricia, and if it is a boy it will be named David Blondell Powell, after the famous minstrel who in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted started the Blondells on their song-and-dance career.

The sporting Powells claim that they don't really care whether it's a boy or a girl. "Either—or both—will make me the happiest man in the world," said

Dick. "Will you be disappointed if it's a girl?" someone asked Joan. "Not at all," said Joan, "I'll just have to read another chapter in 'What Every Parent Should Know.'" Normie, however, expressed it the sweetest. When Joan asked him if he'd rather the new baby be a little sister or a little brother he quickly said, "Anything that's real."

For a month or six weeks after that Normie said no more about the expected addition to the family and his parents decided that in his busy life of going to school, delivering ice, dissecting the Streamline Limited and calling on Sandra Burns he had completely forgotten about the baby. So imagine Joan's surprise one morning when he walked into her dressing-room where she was putting on make-up for her rôle of an imperfect wife in

Columbia's "There's Always A Woman" and without any preliminaries demanded, rather breathlessly, "Where are you going to get the baby? Who's going to make it? Is my baby sister or baby brother coming in an automobile or a truck?"

"I couldn't think of a thing to say," confessed Joan. "So I just pretended that I had gotten mascara into my eye and rushed into the bathroom where I keep all seven volumes of 'What Every Parent Should Know.' But I couldn't find the answer to Normie's question any place. I'll just hide out for a while, I thought, and he'll go back to his room to play."

But not Mr. Norman Powell. (Continued on page 88)



Where would Hollywood be without the creative genius of these Napoleons of the movie set? Lubitsch gets what he wants, even if it's a humorous scene in which Gary Cooper spansks glamorous Colbert, as shown in center above. And, above, Mervyn LeRoy, telling Carole Lombard how he wants a scene played. Left, George Cukor, who told Robert Taylor, no less, how to make love to Garbo. Below — Cecil B. DeMille (they call him the Star Maker) and Franciska Gaal.



SECRETS of Hollywood's Ace Directors

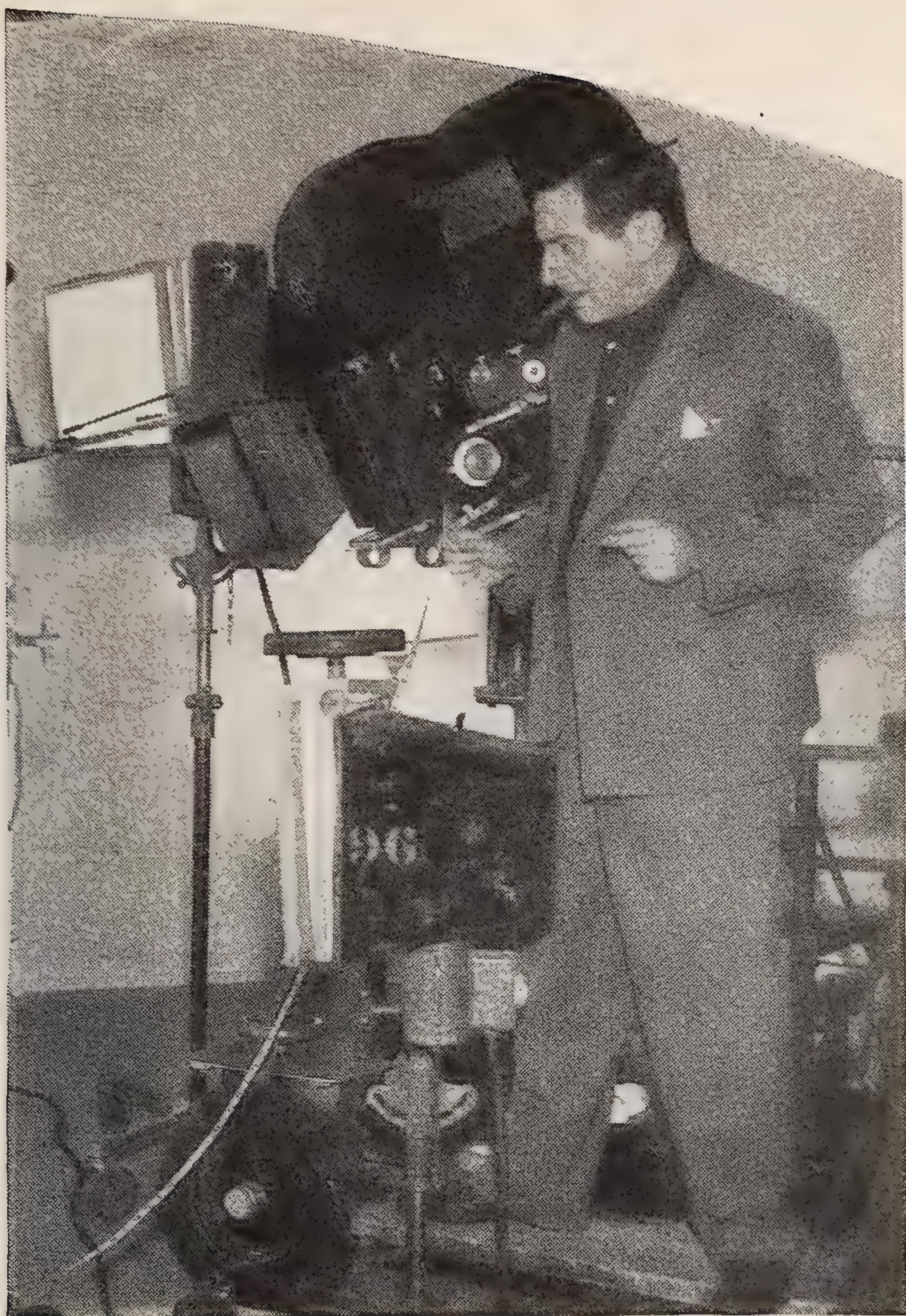
GEORGE CUKOR won't mind it now. Perhaps he wouldn't have minded then, even before his name was associated with some of the screen's biggest hits. He was speaking for publication then, speaking out of experience gleaned in years of directing for stage as well as screen. It's no use getting people into trouble needlessly, so I didn't print what he had to say about some of his stars.

He was talking of temperament, and of the reasons

why he was usually handed assignments avoided by other directors. He got along with temperamental stars, with the ones no one else wanted to direct, he declared, and the reason was simple. He expected them to be disagreeable. He was prepared for explosions and tantrums. He would have been surprised if there had been none. Therefore neither he nor his actors were at all dismayed.

Cukor is one of those directors who prove all over again what every newspaperman knows, that few stars are glamorous in real life, that the directors are the ones who make good copy. And it was Cukor whose remarks explain some of this. A well brought up person, especially a young girl carefully educated, seldom becomes anything of an actress, he insisted. She is taught to control her nerves. She disciplines her emotions. She suffers rather than cause a scene.

This director prefers them out of the gutter! Frankly and cheerfully he'll admit this. The guttersnipe, to paraphrase his much more forceful and quite unprintable term, does not hesitate to scream and stamp her foot.



Strictly personal opinions of the men behind the megaphones. They make the films; stars do their bidding. They know, and can explain the glamor game

By Eileen Creelman

Angered, she will throw a lamp or scratch a rival's face. She doesn't hesitate too long about an embrace. This makes for emotion and pliability in acting, according to one director anyway, as well for nervous tension in real life.

All this is a little tough on their interviewer. The nicer the actor, the more difficult to write about him. Irene Dunne, intelligent and friendly, hates to talk about herself. She gets slightly embarrassed, tries to be non-committal about everything. She is cautious about saying anything that might be thought a criticism of anyone else. George Cukor, if he ever directed Irene Dunne, might change his opinion about actresses.

The directors are easier. They don't have to pose like movie heroes, trying to keep up the glamor their press agents have told them about. They don't, like Marlene Dietrich, float along through an interview with no response except a languid yes or no. They don't, like Joan Crawford, watch fearfully to see if the next question may be embarrassing or burst into tears of gratitude because the interviewer has avoided topics too personal for comfort.

But there is plenty of temperament among the direc-



The directors as a class go out of their way to avoid being "glamorous." But they do have temperament. William Wyler—whom you see above directing Bette Davis and George Brent in "Jezebel"—is gentle as a lamb, until he gets to work. Then he'll fight as hard as Cagney himself for an idea. Frank Capra—hits are his habit—is seen, right, with Gary Cooper. Gregory LaCava, below, with Katharine Hepburn and Adolphe Menjou, believes in keeping his cast happy.



tors. There's little Willy Wyler, who made "These Three" and "Dead End" for Sam Goldwyn, and says he gets along with that amazing producer because he can yell just as loud as Goldwyn. He seems like a gentle fellow until he gets to work. Then he'll fight as hard as Cagney himself for an idea.

Wyler is called William now, officially at least, although Willy was his real name when he came over from Alsace-Lorraine. He was (*Please turn to page 84*)



Bashful Baker

The true story of how Kenny Baker, christened by Jack Benny the Timid Tenor, blushed and flustered his way to the top

By Sidney Valentine



MENTION fishing or golf to Kenny Baker and immediately he is your pal—that is, if you know anything about these sports. Evince a genuine interest in them and he's just as likely to miss a broadcast as not. It's like a phobia, only more fun. You know, only mildly dangerous.

"Now, you take this one for instance," says Kenny, holding up a brilliant bit of feathers and silk thread. "That's a Royal Coachman."

"Oh."

"Yeh. And this one here is a Brown Hackle. I had marvelous luck with him last season. Caught the limit darned near every time I went out."

"With that—Brown Heckler?" I didn't have nerve enough to confess that my Ike Walton proclivities had been confined to dangling an angle worm in the water on a bent pin. Young Mr. Baker gave me a look in which reproach and pity were nicely mingled. "Hackle," he corrected me. "Sure, you never can tell what a trout will bite on. One day it will be a Royal Coachman and the next morning they'll turn up their noses at anything but, say, a Dusty Miller."

"Well, I finally gathered that Kenny was expounding his theories on trout flies, but, as I didn't know the difference between a Dusty Coachman and a Royal Hackle, I felt a little nonplused. But I learned. That's the way these interviews go. You start out by trying to piece together (*Please turn to page 82*)



Kenny Baker still blushes when asked to tell about his rapid rise, even though he is now featured in "The Goldwyn Follies" with Andrea Leeds, above center, and with Helen Jepson, above. Right, a Rudy Vallee-esque pose.

Fifteen—and Famous!

Little girl with golden voice grows up—gracefully! Deanna Durbin celebrates by making her most ambitious picture

Just fifteen, and with Herbert Marshall for her leading man! In "Mad about Music" Deanna Durbin has even wider scope for her singing and acting talents than in "100 Men and A Girl." Above, a scene with Mr. Marshall. Below, with her young fellow-player, Jackie Moran in a close-up. At lower right, Deanna with Gail Patrick, who plays her mother, and Herbert Marshall in her new Universal film.



Not so long ago a struggling actor among many on Broadway—today, prosperous motion picture star with a fine home in Beverly Hills! This is Tyrone Power's success story, one of Hollywood's most heart-warming sagas. Left, the lad and his house. Below, "Ty" with "Pickle," his pet.



A Home Of His Own!



When he has time, he likes to answer an occasional fan letter, at his own desk. Far right, Tyrone in his living-room, looking at his favorite water color of an old sailing ship. Below, your pictorial host at his own front door. Typical of Tyrone to prefer a comfortable, conservative white house of New England ancestry to a Spanish palace complete with swimming-pool!

Photographs by Gene Kornman
20th Century-Fox



Tyrone Power's screen success makes him proud host in this Beverly Hills home, of which we show you the first, exclusive pictures made of the star in his manor

As Hollywood's new Number One Bachelor, Tyrone could swank a bit. But he still likes small, informal dinners, and he still enjoys lighting his own tapers and playing practical host. On the left, we don't know how often he makes his own coffee, but we do know his devoted servants got a great kick out of being photographed with him! On the extreme left, on opposite page, the grandfather's clock which Tyrone inherited from his famed actor-father.





To begin almost at the very beginning: directly above, Lola, eldest of the Lane sisters, when she was five months old. Top left, Priscilla, the baby, at the age of nine months. At far right, Mrs. Cora Lane with Rosemary at the tender age of six months. Above right, Rosemary today.

The Lane Sisters' Success Story Told in Pictures



Lola, Rosemary,
and Priscilla—and
how they grew up
to be Hollywood
stars



Above, the Lane family group. Mother comes to visit her girls on the set at the Warner studio. Their real name is Mullican. That's Lola at left, then Mrs. Lane, Rosemary, and Priscilla, the youngest. At left, a close-up of Priscilla—otherwise "Patsy"—today. She's the dancer and romancer. Rosemary is the sweet singer. Lola is the dynamic dramatic actress.



As the Lane sisters grew up, Lola, shown close-up above center, went to Hollywood. Rosemary and Priscilla, top left, joined Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians in the summer of 1933. They played the New York Palace with Fred—see them with him, top above. And directly above, Rosemary and Priscilla, on their way to success, pose prettily in their second year as soloists with the Waring band.



What's this? Real or studio romance? Anyway, Priscilla Lane, at right, plays opposite Wayne Morris in "Love, Honor, and Behave." At far right, the amazing doubles, Lola and Rosemary, in "Hollywood Hotel." Lola was the first of the Lane sisters in pictures. At right center above, Priscilla and Rosemary watch as their movie contract is signed by Hal Wallis.





The Women In His (Movie) Life!

Walling, Paramount



Women, women! Cooper can't get away from 'em—in pictures. Claudette Colbert is his latest movie love, and despite the fact that the whole world knows that Gary is a devoted husband and father in real life, the ladies of the land will besiege the box-offices to watch the Cooper-Colbert team sizzle on the screen

Hurrell



Hal A. McAlpin

He's a tall, rangy, reserved chap, who has the healthy male American disdain for fancy romance. Yet Gary Cooper, paradoxically enough, is feminine America's supreme selection as screen lover! He shares with Shirley Temple the highest movie theatre box-office rating in the land. You'll see him soon opposite Claudette Colbert in Ernst Lubitsch's gay, sophisticated comedy romance, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—there's a typical scene above, and a lovely new portrait of Claudette at top left. And oh, yes—the other lady in Gary's current cinematic career is the newcomer, Sigrid Gurie, left, with him in "Marco Polo."

Quick, the Candid Camera!



Oberon Works!

There's more to her career than acting for the cameras, as Merle Oberon illustrates when she entertains important visitors, left above, on the set—Jack Wilson, Noel Coward's manager, and Princess Paley, with director Bill Howard (wearing eye-shade), and studio executive at left. Center, back to work: Oberon studies dialogue with leading man Rex Harrison. Right, Merle waits patiently while the stage is set.



Flynn Plays!

Irish Errol is a playboy at heart, believes for every day of hard work there'll be a day equally strenuous in the pursuit of fun, with particular emphasis on the more active and adventurous sports. So, as soon as he finishes a picture he rushes off, to Coronado Bay, for example, where he tries water-skiing. The candid camera caught Errol, above, making ready for action; shoving off, and then riding the waves at top speed.



Fanny Cuts=Up!

Those "Baby Snooks" capers suit Fanny Brice right down to the ground, and she has as much fun clowning as her audiences, radio and screen, have—when the Brice boisterousness lets loose with brattish gusto. Here's "Snooks" rampaging through her nursery, from building blocks to hobby horses, and all the toys for herself. Judy Garland wants to play, too. But it looks like the only "punch" Judy will get is of the spectator sports variety.

The best informal pictures are taken before the subjects have time to pose



Lombard Pets!

Carole makes up to Snoopy, who glares right through his shaggy brows at the cameraman who dares to intrude just when he's receiving flattering attention from Miss Glamor herself. But then Snoopy realizes his and Carole's public must be considered, and he poses, very friendly-like. What's this, another visitor to Carole's set, and more interested in Director Mervyn Leroy, his god-father, than in feminine charm!



Davis Relaxes!

The studios are swell and all that, for working at your favorite job as an entertainer, but give Johnnie Davis a day off and he spends it like this—making it emphatic that there's no place like home, where you can get a laugh looking at the funnies with the wife; having a late breakfast, and sharing tasty morsels with the Boston, and strip for action at badminton. Yep, for candid shots of Johnnie, catch him at home.



Freddie Rides!

If seeing is believing, these candid shots are right, and Freddie Bartholomew would rather motor than act in movies. His home-made scooter is streamlined and speedy looking, and a right good job of building—provided Freddie didn't depend on the prop department to turn it out. The boy who made stardom in one try also has the real thing; at right above. Freddie and his aunt Cissy lunch at a drive-in restaurant.



CANDID or

How'll you have your Gable?
We give you Clark himself,
on this page, as he prefers to
be photographed

The profile shows Gable without retouching! He has a slight stubble, no makeup whatever. Below, his favorite part—that of an intrepid air man in "Test Pilot." Clark likes it because he can get good and greasy messing around machinery. At lower left, a candid location shot with Myrna Loy.



CANDIED?

And here is Star Gable, posing for portraits because he's a good sport—but he doesn't like it!

Of course, it's a grand posed portrait of Clark Gable, at right. He's the ultimate in Hollywood male stars. Contrast this studio portrait with the unstudied profile on the opposite page. Which phase of Gable do you like better? Below, a good studio close-up. He's obliging the photographer! At lower right, a posed scene still for "Test Pilot" with Spencer Tracy, Clark's co-star, and Myrna Loy.

Willinger



Starlets in



Rivals for screen rôles at the studio, Jane Bryan and Mary Maguire are really chums, as you saw them on the screen in the Kay Francis film, "Confession." Both still in their teens, the girls work, and play, together. Jane, typical American youngster, scored in "Kid Galahad" and is slated for stardom. Mary, from Australia, is one of Hollywood's most-dated girls, but so far her acting has not kept pace with friend Jane's. Here you see the girls at Jane's home: in smart new play clothes, sunning on the lawn, posing by the pool, playing with Jane's pets, and, at left, serving a hearty snack. Save us a sandwich!



Photographs by Scotty Welbourne



"Now don't say 'What the well-dressed gangster will wear!'" warns Edward G. Robinson, above. Young Jack Dunn, above center, has a youth's enthusiasm for gay effects. Alan Curtis, far right, in the "Hollywood sports uniform."

They resent that! Movie men can be clothes-conscious when the sartorial urge strikes 'em, as you can see here



The crooner is all dressed up—for him! Bing Crosby, left, looks smartly sporty. Above, Adolphe Menjou, long designated Hollywood's Best-Dressed Man. At right, Frank Morgan seems happy about the whole thing.



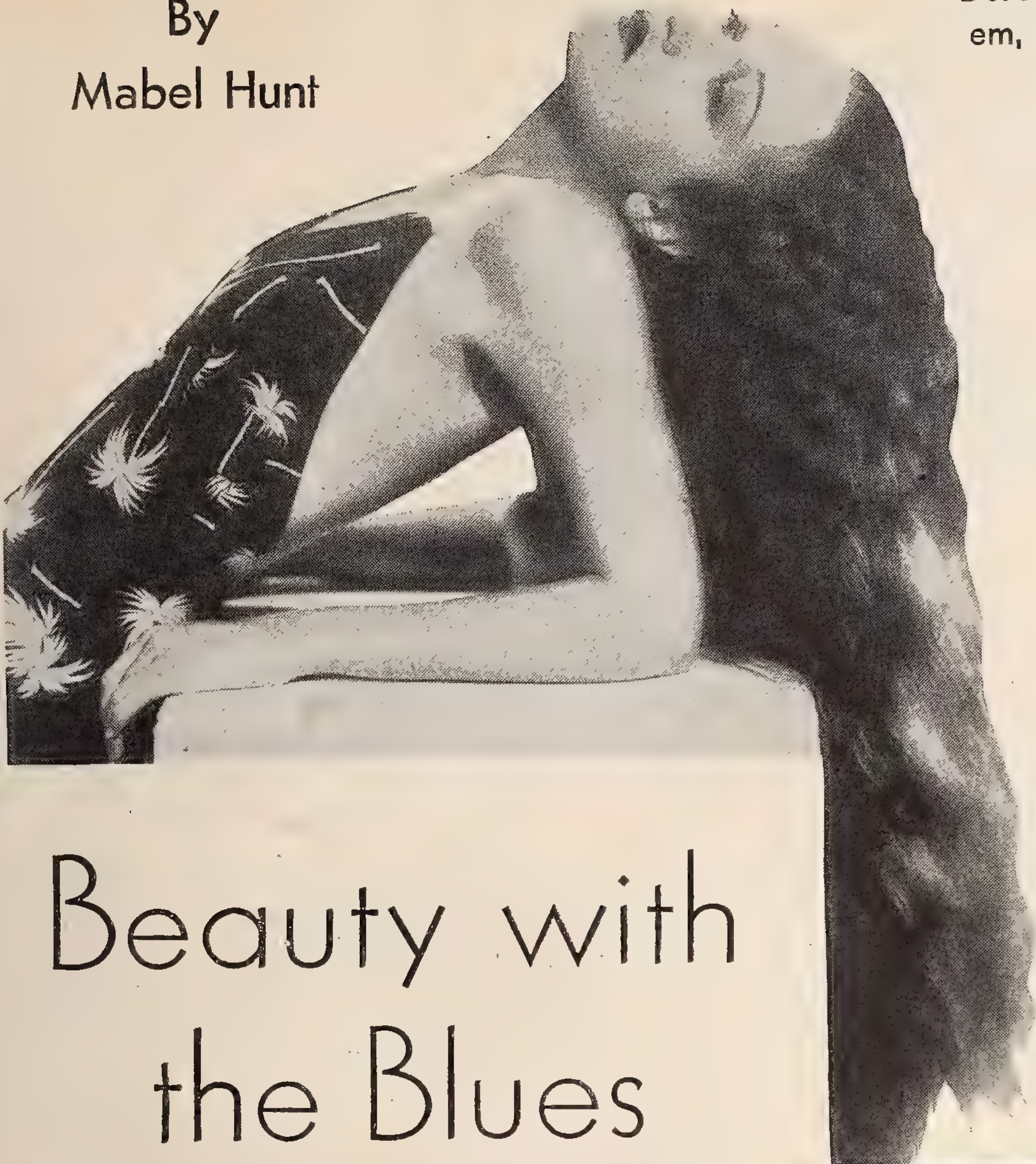
Mark Twain's beloved classic comes to the screen with Tommy Kelly as *Tom Sawyer* and Ann Gillis as *Becky Thatcher*. Our Still of the Month shows the children as they begin their exciting exploration of the great limestone cavern of the Mississippi bluffs described by Twain. Norman Taurog, famed director of children on the screen, guides the cinematic "Adventures" in David Selznick's elaborate all-technicolor production.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

By
Mabel Hunt

Dorothy not only sings the blues, she has
em, too. Read why, in this lament for
lovely Lamour



Beauty with the Blues

WHEN a person wins a movie contract through a lucky break, or a series of breaks, it scarcely ripples the public's interest any more. It's happened so many times in Hollywood that it almost goes without notice. Likewise, when a young hopeful manages at last to crash those sacred studio gates through dint of perseverance, outstanding acting ability, the sweat of his brow, or even through mere dazzling beauty, it causes no undue excitement among the populace. Such things are accepted as the natural order of things, to be expected if one is to scale the heights. Plainly speaking, it's hardly news.

But, when a lovely young girl with a figure like one of Petty's illustrations and a face like something Rolf Armstrong dreamed up has to be brow-beaten, bullied, threatened, and cajoled into a long-term contract at a very stylish salary, then, by gosh, *that's news!* And in most cases when you stumble across a piece of news in such a virulent form there must be something highly interesting back of it all.

According to this reporter, in laboriously searching through dusty old archives and annals of the film great, Miss Dorothy Lamour has been the only one brought to light who has outraged Hollywood's established precedents by openly scoffing at the chance of a picture career. She not only jeered at such an absurd idea, she all but refused pointblank even to consider a screen test.

When I first heard of Dorothy's shocking conduct when contracts were waved under her nose I thought to myself, "Well, here's a gal who is either putting on an act to impress somebody, or else she is just plain daffy." I was wrong in both cases. So, the only thing left in the face of such a situation was to do a little crafty delving into the why and the wherefor. Said delving took

place over a chicken salad at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs where Dorothy stayed while on location for "Her Jungle Lover." And while Dorothy munched on a piece of celery and I toyed with the idea of going on an exclusive carrot diet to see if I couldn't achieve the same cream-on-satin complexion for my own skin, she told me just why it was that a film contract had seemed so much anathema to her. So I managed to pry my eyes away from that unbelievable complexion and became all ears.

"Well, you see, I was a model in Marshall Field's department store in Chicago," Dorothy began, "but I didn't like it."

Now that in itself is something, for as you know, a good model commands a not-to-be-sneered-at salary and only about one out of every thousand girls can ever hope to qualify for those coveted jobs.

"How come?" I asked. "You certainly have the figure and the face to be the absolute tops as a model?"

"Oh, that." Dorothy dismissed the fact of her obvious ornamentality with a ges- (Please turn to page 88)





THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists



A BIG, big picture! Over two hours of terrific entertainment—some of it thrillingly beautiful, some of it gorgeously funny, some of it merely boring. Mr. Goldwyn's "\$2,000,000" revue is an all-Technicolor mixture of satire, supplied by a Ben Hecht legend whimsically worked out by Andrea Leeds and the incomparable Adolphe Menjou; mad burlesque, supplied by the Ritz Brothers; elaborate ballet, with the début of the much-touted Vera Zorina; grand opera, with Helen Jepson from the "Met."; swing music and dancing, the Baker boys, Kenny and Phil, and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy—to mention just a few names. It's an enormous, expensive, amazing, and confusing show. The basic idea, that of a big movie producer hiring a fresh, dewy girl to be his "Miss Humanity" to keep him in touch with the cash customers, is a good one, but it is soon lost in the merry maze of special numbers, big ballets, and Ritz Brothers. These boys, by the way, are badly overworked in these fabulous "Follies." Phil Baker is the real comedy sensation of the costly cinema. There is quiet charm by exquisite Miss Leeds; stunning effects in the "Water Ballet;" superb moments by Menjou; and of course that McCarthy!



GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warner Bros.



HERE IS the other "big" all-color picture of the month, very big and, I imagine, very expensive. It's a drama, with many extras milling around instead of ballets as in Mr. Goldwyn's "Follies." And it has impressive moments aplenty. But it is, also like Mr. Goldwyn's "Follies," a self-conscious picture. What is it about Technicolor that makes otherwise wary producers throw caution to the winds and grow reckless and headstrong? There's too much of everything in both pictures. "Gold Is Where You Find It" is lush with magnificent California scenery, showing wheat fields, mining camps, and orchards in picturesque profusion; there is also too much plot. Of course there is interest in the conflict between the wheat ranchers of the Sacramento Valley and the miners, and there is poignancy in the ranchers' struggles to preserve their land, and gentle romance when the head rancher's daughter gives her heart to the mining engineer. Olivia de Havilland, a dream in Technicolor, is delightful as the girl—but it is primarily a rugged picture, with he-men rampant, fights between the two factions, and a grand finale in which George Brent saves the day by blowing up his own dam. Whee!



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox



SONJA HENIE'S third motion picture is better than her first two—thereby hanging up another record for the skating marvel. With this picture she positively takes her permanent place among the great stars of Hollywood, for Sonja is not only the ice queen but an increasingly good actress of surprising conviction. She may never skate *Camille*, but she can play poignant parts with genuine sympathy and understanding. The cherubic Henie close-ups attain actual pathos upon occasion when the scrip commands "mit feeling," and as always, her bubbling gaiety and good humor are irresistible. Sonja's rôle here is that of a naïve little Norwegian seriously smitten by the slick charms of Cesar Romero, as a second-rate Stokowski of swing. She carries the torch to New York only to be disillusioned—and, thanks to Don Ameche, that gallant soul, to become the world's greatest torch skater, immune to Romero wiles but susceptible to Ameche charm, smart girl. Adding to the pleasurable comedy confusion is Ethel Merman, swinging high, and Wally Vernon, very funny. If any of you have so far resisted the call of the gleaming blades this will get you. Mow-bray, my skates.

"SUPER-STUPENDOUS":

"The Goldwyn Follies"

"COLOSSAL":

"Gold Is Where You Find It"

"EPIC":

"Bad Man of Brimstone"

JUST SWELL ENTERTAINMENT:

"Swing Your Lady"

"A Yank at Oxford"

"Happy Landing"

BEST PERFORMANCES:

Andrea Leeds, Adolphe Menjou, Phil Baker, Charlie McCarthy in "The Goldwyn Follies"

Louise Fazenda in "Swing Your Lady"

Robert Taylor and his perfect cast in "A Yank at Oxford"

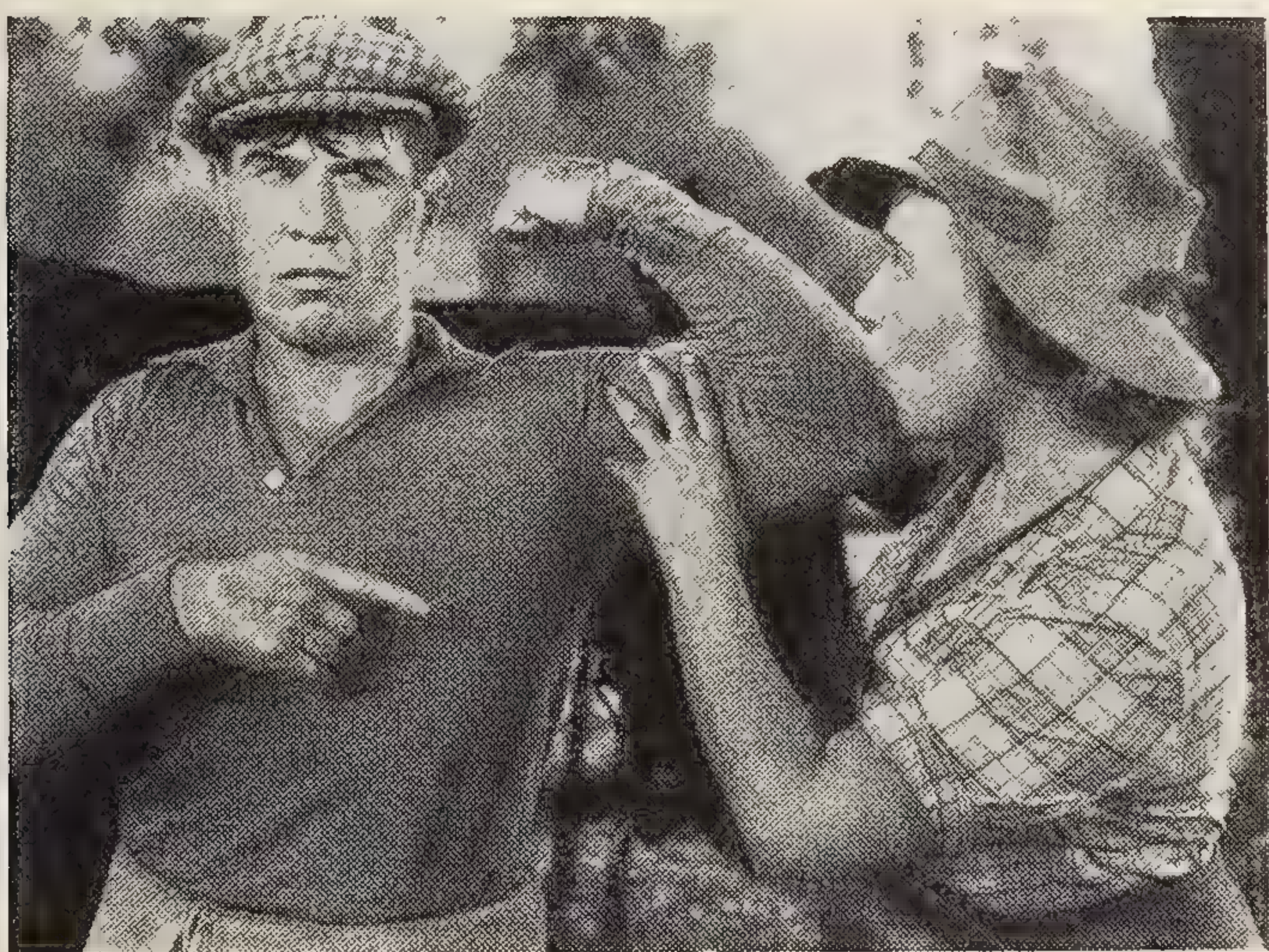
Sonja Henie, Don Ameche, and Cesar Romero in "Happy Landing"



A YANK AT OXFORD—M-G-M



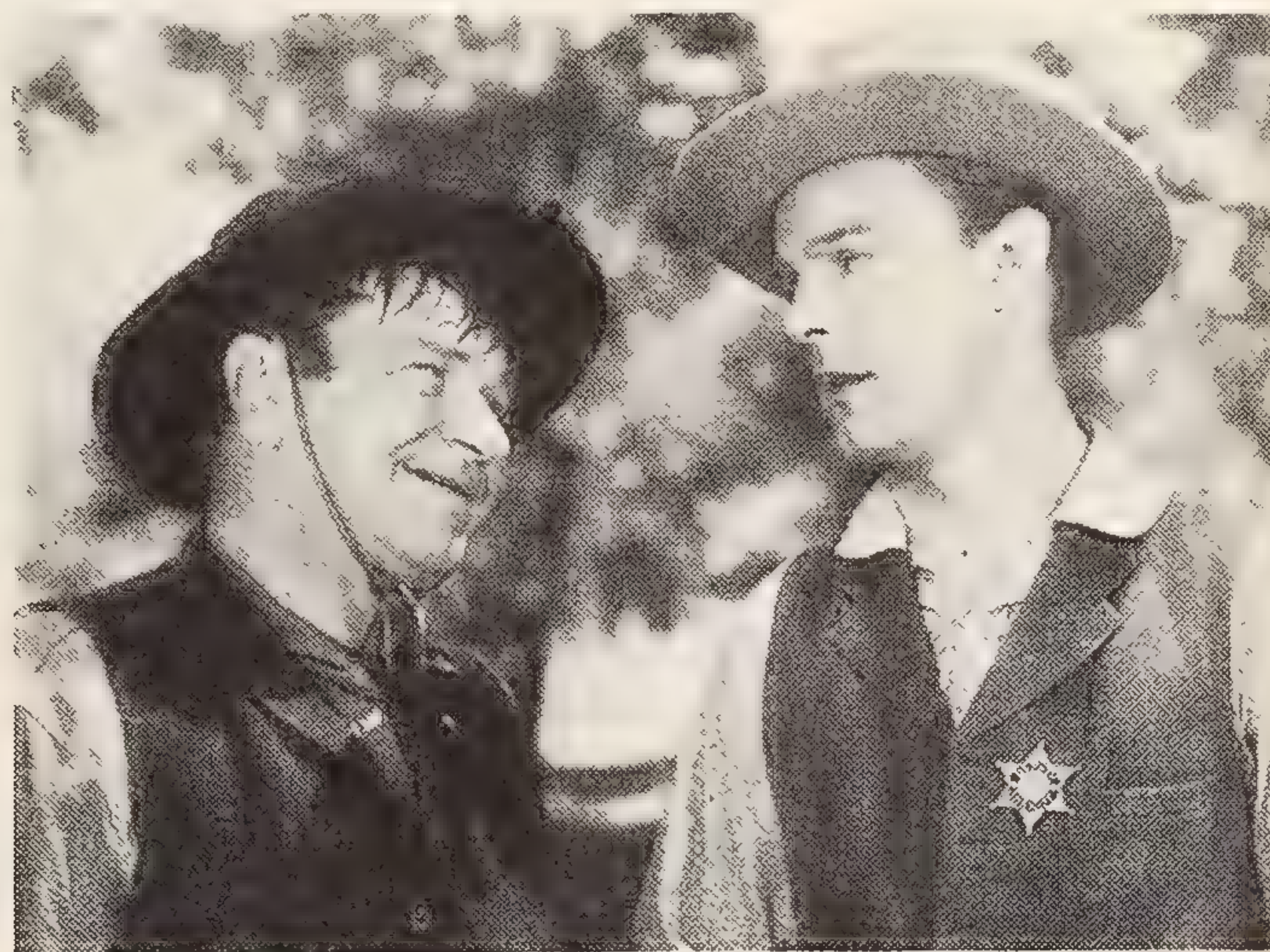
ROBERT TAYLOR'S best picture! A field day for his fans, but also an invitation to Taylor-baiters to forget their grievances and give the boy a chance. "A Yank at Oxford" is the shrewdest stellar showmanship in years, because it brings Bob out of *Camille's* boudoir into the open, where he wins track meets and bump races and everything else in sight, with the conquest of the fair heroine rather a secondary matter. There isn't a real love scene in the picture, but the Taylor addicts will not be disappointed on that score, for his rôle in the British-made film makes him far more attractive than he ever was in his deliberately romantic parts. Because it was made mostly in England, "A Yank at Oxford" is in every way more convincing than the formula love affairs which have been Bob's Hollywood lot. Not that there's no sex menace in the piece—it runs rampant at times, with Vivien Leigh as a devastating hussy luring Oxford undergraduates to—of all places—her husband's bookshop, and Maureen O'Sullivan as the wholesome love interest. Bob plays a brash young American tamed, as you might suspect, by Oxford's dreaming spires and spirit. He gets grand support from Lionel Barrymore, Griffith Jones, all of 'em.



SWING YOUR LADY—Warners



WELL, I NEVER would have believed it! Perhaps there have been too many of those backstage-and-radio-station pictures, or too many specialty acts; anyway, I haven't howled so lustily in months as at this outlandish comedy of hill-billy calisthenics. Seems Humphrey Bogart, a wrestling promoter, and Nat Pendleton, a slap-happy grunt artist, are stranded in the Missouri mountains and looking for a match. Becoming desperate, the promoter picks a lady blacksmith—yes, Louise Fazenda, who else?—to go to the mat with his champ. But love sets in between wrestler and lady, then a bearded hermit appears with his musket, claiming the love of the lady—so the rivals are matched, the winnah to get the femme horse-shoer. It's all that ridiculous—but unapologetically so, and the wrestling match between Pendleton and one Daniel Boone Savage will have you in stitches whether you like it or not. Tossed into the general hilarity are Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, a Big Apple led by Sammy Lee and Penny Singleton, and those hill-billy musicians, The Weaver Brothers and Elvira. Well, I swan—another specialty! But you'll like this one. Louise Fazenda is so swell as the lady blacksmith she almost tempts me to ask for a series about her.



BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M



SUPER-WESTERN, old-fashioned melodrama dreamed up in fancy sombrero and chaps, is Wallace Beery's best film in too long. Not since "Viva Villa" has Wally had such a chance to bring to brawling, lusty life a colorful character, this time *Trigger Bill*, the Bad Man with the soft spot in his heart. Some carpers may consider that *Bill* has a soft spot in his head as well, when he goes on about his son "petitionin' him for a funeral"—*Bill* loves to shoot up the place, and is not too particular who gets in his way. But somehow Beery makes you believe in his *Bill* as he convinced you of the reality of his *Villa* and his *Old Soak*; and so this outlandish story of a gay old desperado manages to turn out lively entertainment—IF you still like gunplay mixed with horseplay, and plenty of it. The best of Beery emerges in this half-rascal, half-clown characterization. Interestingly conspicuous in the cast is a newcomer, Dennis O'Keefe, who makes *Trigger Bill's* tenderfoot son a rather real fellow. Beautiful Virginia Bruce makes a valiant attempt to fit her fragile charm into the rugged events, but as may be imagined, fine trouper Lewis Stone and clever Joseph Calleia are more successful at maintaining the mood, what with fights and hold-ups.

What Should Claire Trevor Do?

By
Malcolm H.
Oettinger



YOU wouldn't think anyone so young, so delectable, so freshly lovely as Claire Trevor could have a problem. Knowing her career in pictures—leads from the start—you wouldn't think she had a kick coming. Yet when I saw her she was kicking both shapely legs and objecting to Life's whimsies, in a nice way, but strenuously.

Claire's a dewy twenty-five, independent, brittle, and knowing. Despite her youth she has been in show business more than six years, and nothing contributes more dynamically to a young woman's education. Six years of greasepaint are equivalent to twelve years at Smith or Vassar. Maybe more! Six years in show business teach one the facts of life, doubled and redoubled. Yet Claire is not hard. Rather she looks like a *débutante*, but enthusiastic.

We were supposed to meet at her hotel for cocktails, but in due time word filtered through that she was being held captive at a Columbia Broadcasting matinee at the Plaza—expansive goings on in honor of Miss Trevor and her radio *vis a vis* Edward G. Robinson. Tuesday nights they air from Hollywood episodes in a hair-raising newspaper



Decorative Trevor, in her studio portraits, looks as if she hasn't a care in the world. But Claire the actress, shown with director Norman Foster and Dixie Dunbar, worries about her professional future.

Perhaps you can help this blonde beauty decide the professional as well as private-life problems she ponders

serial called "Big Town." The occasion of their being in New York together was being celebrated with pomp and ceremony, flanked by a bar and innumerable *hors d'oeuvres*. Waiters were weaving about, bearing aloft trays laden with potential headaches the next morning. A stringed quartet made gentle music behind a clump of property palms.

Mr. Robinson was talking to a reporter off in one corner, and in the centre of the room a milling crowd of men eddied and swayed. Instinct said that Claire Trevor was the magnet, and as usual, instinct was right.

Her blonde hair was accentuated by a demure black hat with a coquettish veil that fell across the eyeline. The Trevor figure was properly high-lighted by a cloth of gold dress that was quick in the most appropriate places and demonstrated how personal appearances should be made.

Under one pretext or another we managed to slip away.

Beautiful? Of course! But Trevor is intelligent as well, and so she likes to play meaty parts, rather than routine heroines. Right, with baby Joan Carol in "Walking Down Broadway."



"Radio is worse than pictures, and pictures are worse than poison. I wish I could get a good play," sighed Claire.

What was the matter with radio, I wanted to know (not that I ever listened to it).

"Well, like pictures, it has its points," admitted Claire. "It bought me my new car. It pays well. But, again like pictures, there is no artistic satisfaction to be derived from a radio program in the making. You play before an audience, in some cases, but you haven't the time to build anything. A scene lasts three or four minutes then there's a commercial or station announcement. You can't even get warmed up before the thing is over. It's like a pitcher going in for two innings."

The Trevor voice has a husky, appealing quality. Her face is heart-shaped, her hair a warm honey blonde, in the currently imperative page-boy bob. Her figure, as indicated herein before, is little short of sensational, and one discovers with a start of surprise that here is a

Glamor Girl whose glamor has never been properly capitalized. Claire is a baby Lombard. She winced at the suggestion, however.

"I want to do comedy," she admitted, "but not too screwy, please. I think you can overdo mugging and showing the audience that you don't care how you look, just for a laugh. The public resents seeing you take falls, pies in the face, and lefts to the jaw. It's a phase, but it's rapidly passing."

Claire is honest in admitting that she went into pictures to earn a living,

not for glory alone. The '29 debacle and the ensuing depression caused the family fortune to melt away and impelled Claire to seek economic security in the theatre. From stock in Northampton she went into a Broadway hit, in the second most important rôle, opposite the pint-sized Ernest Truex in "Whistling in the Dark." Pictures spotted her, and rewarded her well from the very beginning. As a result, she has her nest egg or whatever it is one saves for a rainy day. At least she has her own house in Beverly Hills and an annuity that provides for an income later on. And although Claire prefers stage to screen she has stuck to the latter thus far because of the vastly greater financial benefits it affords.

"If I could get a good part in a colossal picture I'd be so happy I don't know what I'd do," said Claire wistfully. "But as things are I'd walk out of pictures tomorrow if I could. Maybe it's because I want to get married and have a lot of children. Maybe it's because I'm sick of program pictures that make me do the same silly things over and over, and say the same silly lines day in, day out."

She has appeared in a picture every other month for four years. Then there have been weekly radio stints during the past year. "I think I've worked pretty hard," said Claire. "I also admit I've earned far more than a girl could earn in any other field. But I'm ready to marry or freelance or explode to get out of quickies!"

Despite her youth, Claire Trevor is an efficient, capable business woman. She employs no manager, requires no restraining hand to keep her (Please turn to page 92)



Kay Francis wears a travel coat, above left, of imported gray wool with an unusual yellow yarn treatment—see bulky top, wide scarf of self fabric. Her hat, gloves, shoes, and bag are creamy yellow. Above right, Kay's jacket suit of sheer wool combines gray and green plaid with monotone gray blouse. Her accessories are of dark gray antelope. At left, smart daytime frock of gray sheer wool with smooth lines, worn with twin silver fox scarf, black hat, gloves, and shoes. These costumes were designed by Orry Kelly for Miss Francis' new film, "Women are Like That."

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by *Kay Francis*

Glamor School photographs
for SCREENLAND of Miss
Kay Francis by Scotty
Welbourne, Warner Bros.



Striking color combination—mustard gold and almond green—contribute to Kay's gown at left above. The tunic with its lowered waistline is of mustard gold crepe roma, the pencil-slim skirt is of almond green. She wears a pair of antique gold bracelets. At right above, Kay goes in for color: her cocktail gown of heavy jersey has a long-waisted bodice of navy blue, while the full skirt is of Roman-striped jersey in red, white, blue, and yellow. A Roman-striped kerchief ties at the throat. At right, her hostess gown with new-length fitted coat of blue and silver brocade.



First fashion lady of movieland salutes Spring with a new clothes collection at once patrician and dramatic. Emphasis upon line enlivened by an attention to gay color novel to Miss Francis are of outstanding interest

Gail Patrick *Presents:*



Current fashions! Hollywood's willowy brunette beauty believes in leather, as in her all-antelope costume, below, of soft gray dress, cape, hat, gloves, bag, and shoes; and right, her suede sports vest of gold color with calot to match. Lower left, Gail's new white cashmere house coat. At left above, formal black daytime outfit with novel shoulder-cape of satin-backed crepe, with ends trimmed in silver fox to form pockets.





Starring June Lang

Loveliest of the screen's ingénues, June models her own Spring style show for you. At top left, rhapsody in blue to match June's eyes: horizon-blue wool frock with wide belt of white suede laced in blue, which June tops with white felt hat. Right above, smart light green tweed with accessories of London tan. At left, more blue: plaid jacket in two shades of June's favorite color, over lighter blue dress. Accessories are white. At far left, dream dinner dress of pale pink lace, with bonnet of the lace and violets for the flat crown.

Stooge to a Wooden Wit

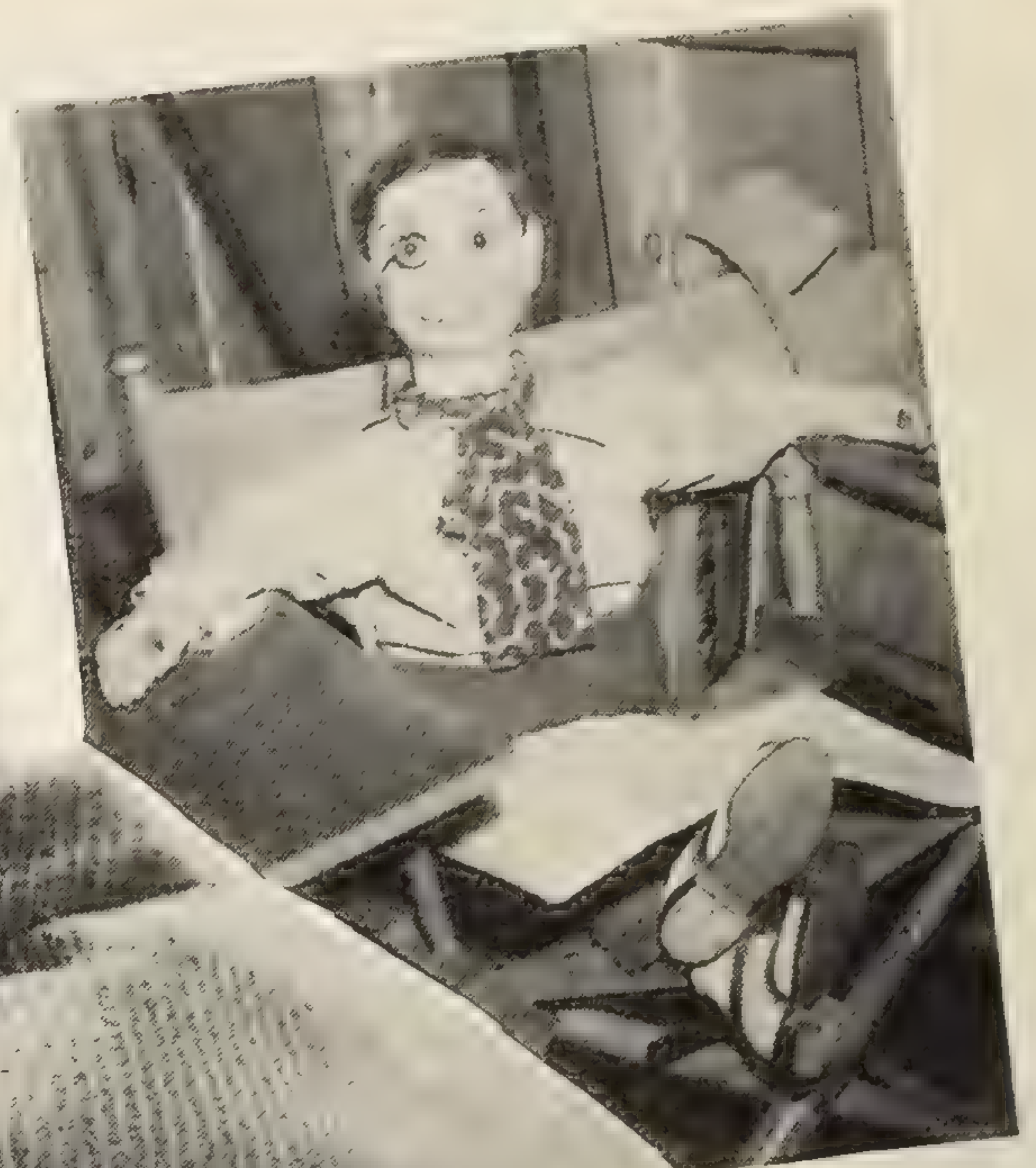
ONE year America goes wild about a blonde, curly-topped darling who sings and dances her way into the heart of the nation; another, five bouncing baby girls are brought to life in a forgotten Canadian village and the spotlight of the world centers on them until a lady from Baltimore quietly steps out and annexes the coveted heart of a British Monarch and makes an incredible fairy-tale come true. But when a block of pine wood, dressed up in a topper and tails, steals the focus of attention from all these and becomes No. 1 man of the country, it is nothing short of a miracle.

Edgar Bergen built a dummy, took it to college, and now finds himself playing dumb while Charlie McCarthy wisecracks

By Gene Schrott



In this saga of the amazing McCarthy, you learn that Charlie, believe it or not, started life as a newsboy. Now look! He's a movie star, a radio sensation, a national idol. Right above, relaxing between scenes in a Hollywood studio.



A little over seventeen years ago, Charlie McCarthy was just another tree trunk in the forests of Wisconsin and Eddie Bergen a young lad sitting in the kitchen of his mother's home in Chicago watching her perform the magic of producing tempting brown apple pies from a batter of dough and some green, uneatable apples. But today, the world knows this duo as the most amazing team of personalities in the field of entertainment.

Returning from abroad to discover that vaudeville had heard its death knell and hearing rumors that the legitimate theater was going "to pot," Edgar Bergen looked fondly at his animated creation and was just going to pack him in camphor and moth-balls, when he received a hurried call to rush over to Elsa Maxwell's party and substitute for a performer who failed to show up.

If you've heard about Elsa Maxwell's parties (as who hasn't) you know they are not just ordinary parties, but parties *deluxe*. Everyone who is anyone was there. Noel Coward rushed over to attend. Rudy Vallee forfeited a night's salary to be present. It was the customary ermine and orchid crowd that made the place blaze with diamonds and emeralds and sparkle with shimmering satin and white skin. It was one of those white-tie affairs that



earned for Elsa the reputation of supreme party-giver of the world. If anyone knows how to make a party successful, it is this lady.

When Edgar Bergen arrived in this glittering assemblage carrying a battered suitcase and a look of fear in his bewildered blue eyes, Elsa threw her arms around him and greeted him like a long-lost brother. From Barbara Hutton and Lady Furness, who had been at the Grosvenor House in London that memorable night when Bergen and McCarthy had to do their entire repertoire at a single performance before the enthusiastic audience would let them leave the stage, she had heard of the ingenuity with which Eddie and his wooden wit won the hearts of the Britishers.

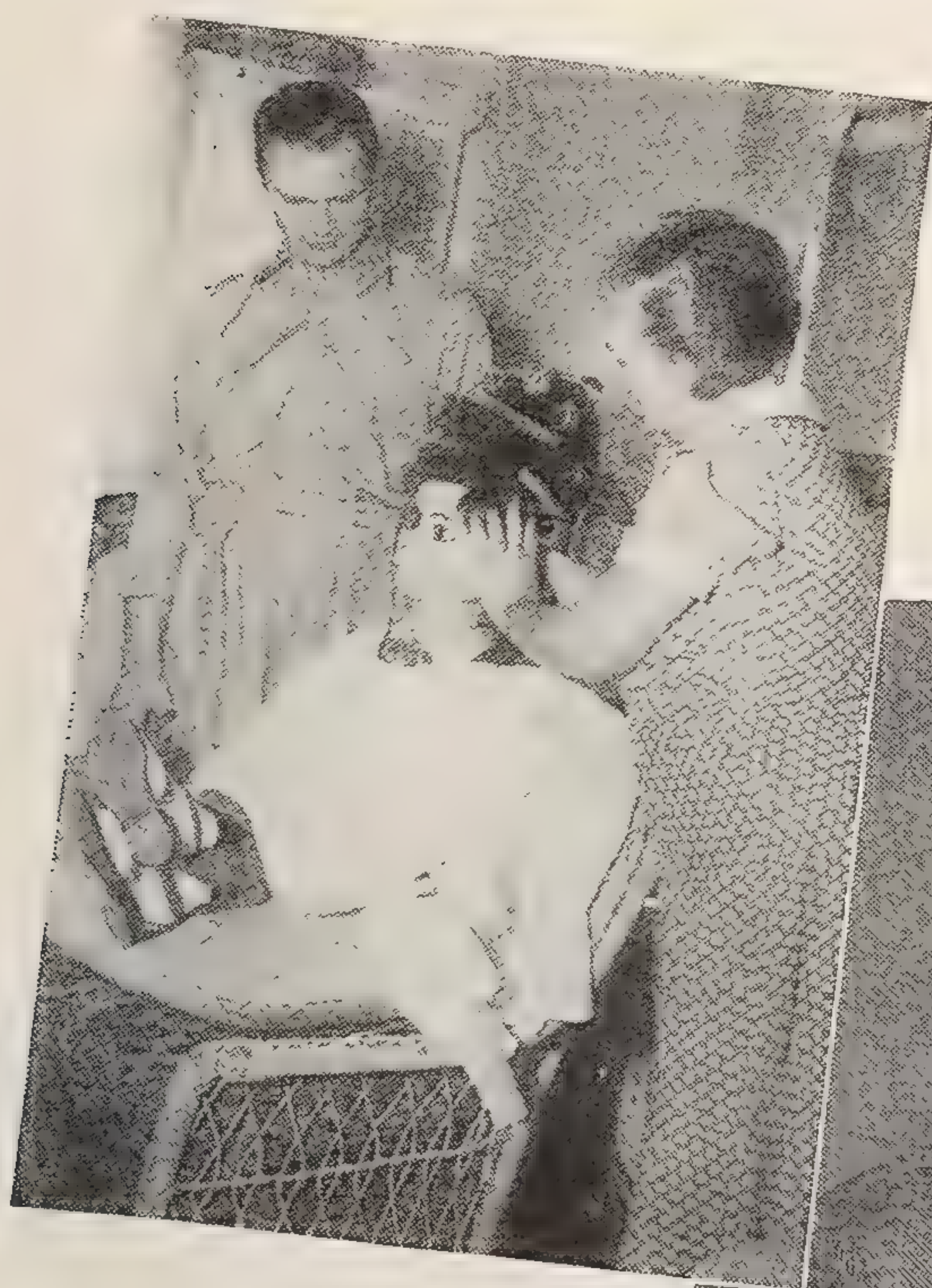
While Elsa Maxwell was busily hunting for him, Eddie

had been entertaining royalty the world over. In his native Sweden, he and Charlie gave a command per-

formance before the Crown Prince. From there they travelled to Russia and Iceland and finally concluded their tour by performing before the lepers of a Venezuela colony, an experience so strange they will never be able to forget it. No wonder Elsa couldn't find them. But now that she had accidentally come upon them, she prepared her guests for one of the biggest thrills in entertainment.

Even Elsa had to admit that Charlie McCarthy was responsible for the tremendous success of that party and for a lady who has made a career of party-giving this is an unusual admission. Rudy Vallee lost no time in inviting Bergen to appear on his radio program. Noel Coward was lavish in his enthusiastic praise and asked Bergen to tell him who wrote the brilliant dialogue. When Bergen modestly admitted that he himself does all the writing, Coward, who is regarded as the most skilful writer of witty conversation, heaped compliment upon compliment upon the surprised Bergen.

Today, the name of Charlie McCarthy is known the length and breadth of the American continent. People everywhere are talking of the wooden whiz who flings his verbal bullets at the high and mighty. Hollywood has succumbed to the enigmatic personality of the animated block of wood. From Burbank to Beverly Hills, the entire



Before facing cameras, Charlie goes through an elaborate process of make-up, with Bergen supervising. Right, Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, McCarthy and Bergen rehearse a radio show. Below, lounging at home; Bergen in a story conference.



population of the movie world has offered him, not only the keys to the respective communities, but a pass-key to every home. The mischievous dummy who delights in humbling the mighty dignitaries has risen to the most popular peak in the nation. Hollywood beauties are battling for his attention. Leading men eye him with a jealous gleam in their burning eyes and feminine hearts can't stop fluttering when he is near. Even Mae West asked him to come up and see her sometime.

Through all this, Charlie McCarthy continues to wear his bland, disarming smile and the mischievous twinkle in his eyes remain the same as he blithely continues to wisecrack his way deeper and deeper into the heart of the American public. He loves the ladies—especially Dorothy Lamour whose name has been closely linked to his lately—but that's because he saw her in one of those revealing storm sequences during the filming of "Hurricane." Even a dummy knows charm when he sees it.

The man who has become Svengali to the world's most famous wooden wit is entirely different from his animated creation. Edgar Bergen is a shy, quiet-spoken young man in his early thirties. He has blond hair and blue-grey eyes that generally accompany a (Please turn to page 90)



"Collaborate with a Camera!"

Says Dolores Del Rio, whose husband is her camera pal. Good advice for married couples, and helpful hints for amateur photograph fans

By Ruth Tildesley

"T'S such fun!" said Dolores Del Rio, smart in rose and brown, as she clicked the shutter of her camera. "I've been in pictures so long that I suppose it was merely a matter of moments before I'd begin to take some, but *oh*, I had no idea it would be so entertaining!

"Probably more than half my enjoyment is because Cedric—my husband—is interested in doing it, too. It is wonderful for two people who care about each other to have the same hobby, and I can't tell you what fun it is to work together on a thing that shows such promising results!

"I'm very much of an amateur, but Cedric is an artist anyway, so taking pictures is merely an extension of his field. We're building a dark room onto the house, so we can develop and print our own stuff. You know, often the effectiveness of a picture lies in the printing, and the one who takes it should have his own ideas of what he hoped to get, so he knows whether to print it a bit lighter or darker, or how dense the shadow should be.

"We had the best time one Sunday! We spent the day in the M-G-M darkroom printing up some portraits we had made together. Cedric had managed to get hold of a hundred sheets of some special Belgian paper made for portraits and we used that and got truly lovely things. You can't



Dolores, top left, proves she can take it—and will, if it's a picture worth adding to the collection she and her husband are making. Examples of the Del Rio camera skill are shown here. Right, reading up: a church in Mexico; Dolores' mother holding her pet Persian, and a good portrait study, also by Dolores. Above, corner of the Maximilian Villa, Mexico, and the first picture Dolores ever took.



imagine the excitement when the figure begins to appear and you see exactly what you've done!

"At the moment our special interest is taking portraits. Cedric has a portrait lens on his Contax camera. He can screw lights into the camera for some shots, which I can't do with my Rolleiflex, but we've just bought some splendid lights to set up indoors, and what a field that opens to us! Cedric is the camera artist for portraits and I am head electrician. He worries about the focus and I am responsible for the lights."

She flashed up from the couch where she had been examining a sheaf of finished prints, her fine profile silhouetted against a Venetian shade.

"I like a high master light—so!" She illustrated in pantomime above my head. "And then lower lights to take care of unflattering shadows or bad lines, or to throw a highlight for a special effect. A light back of the head will sometimes show up lovely hair, you know. I've watched cameramen and electricians work with lights in the studios for so long it would be too bad if I hadn't learned something by this time. So naturally I know that shadows that droop will age a subject, but at the same time a master light from above is most flattering to any-

one over fifteen or so. There are no hard and fast rules applying to everyone, which makes doing portraits tremendously interesting.

"Cedric has made some gorgeous portraits of me. I prefer them to any made by the best camera artists in Hollywood, but his success may be because he knows me so well, or because he is able to bring out the best in me.

"We make my mother sit for us while we experiment. She is a most satisfactory subject, because she will sit anywhere, serene and patient and relaxed, while we argue about lighting or explain to each other what we'd like to get.

"What makes our collaboration especially interesting is that we are two people with definite but different ideas. Cedric, as an artist, is inclined to favor odd effects; he likes an unusual arrangement of shadows, something that will be dramatic and original.

"He'd like, for example, a picture of mood—say, a woman in black against a dark background, with the face high-lighted. Or strange, weird shadows thrown against a plain background, and the figure expressing some emotion.

"But what I'm looking for is pictures of my friends

The swimming pool at the Del Rio-Gibbons home in California; and adjoining, at right, another example of Dolores' camera work, a close-up of her husband Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M art director, and a camera fan himself.



Dolores and her two white bulldogs, Michael and Bonnie, taken by Mr. Gibbons. At left, two pictorial subjects of which Dolores is proud, and justly so. Lower, view of the patio in her family home in Mexico; above, exterior of her California house.



just as they are. I like people; I love my friends, and I am so happy I could sing when I manage to catch a group of them in some natural pose.

"I like best my pictures of friends sitting around my swimming pool, lying on the sands, resting in deep

chairs, or perhaps starting out for a ride or playing a game of tennis. Things that I see them do all the time, so that they are at ease and natural in the pictures."

Dolores has no idea that she will ever become a specialist at shooting animal pictures.

"I have some fine dogs, and I'm very fond of them, but I've had very little luck with their pictures in return for the time spent. Dogs are so restless; when you get the head just as you want it, the paw begins to tap, or the back rears up suddenly. (Please turn to page 79)

Here's Hollywood

Crash the studios, take in the sights of Cinema Town with our star reporter

By Weston East

GARBO no longer is under contract to M-G-M, where she's been queen for a decade! In fact, she hasn't been under contract for all of three months now. But those articles about her falling box-office draw have not only overlooked this vital point; they've not explained her situation as it really is. Here's what's what: the studio still wants her; it was the shrewd lady herself, and not Louis B. Mayer, who wouldn't sign again on the dotted line. Garbo wants to go on acting, but insists she must have a comedy to re-intrigue the Americans. Mayer had nothing definite ready and she wouldn't take a chance. She doesn't want to become as loony as the screen Lombard, but she contends she can be as light-hearted as Loy. According to her letters, Sweden is the ideal winter resort; and she'll return whenever her former boss sends her a satisfactory script.

MEANWHILE, other former top-notchers have been fascinating Hollywood by their present doings. Marlene Dietrich, for instance, is busily demonstrating she isn't so dumb, either. The gorgeous dead-pan line bored us natives? So Marlene is proving that she was mis-

cast all along. Which is no lie. On the continent she's always been her own very gay self, the toast of the night clubs. As human as she's vivid. Now, in Hollywood, Marlene's tossed over the recluse gag, adopted for our consumption, and is the most terrific blossom seen at the Troc. She sweeps in almost nightly, with several of the most attractive escorts in town. Instead of posing languidly, she gustily leads the Big Apple. She's taken her furniture out of storage and settled in a small Beverly Hills cottage. It's not likely that she'll ever go back to Germany.

IN STRIKING contrast, Ramon Novarro is making no attempt to right-about to regain box-office popularity. He is be-

having in extraordinary fashion, but then he was never run-of-the-mill. He is acting again, but only when he's pleased with a plot. He wants to be applauded solely on current merit. He won't appear in any rehashes of his yesteryears. He isn't attempting to hang onto any past glory. He has saved none of the thousands of clippings concerning his charm, hasn't a single photograph of himself in his smart, modernistic home. He never visits the Troc, but when he invited friends to a cocktail party the other day Janet Gaynor decided she'd rather come to it than listen to Tyrone Power's broadcast at the same hour. The Novarro appeal is still potent!

Putting zing into a typical chorus routine are these three sisters of swing: Alice Faye, Joan Davis, and Marjorie Weaver, in the name rôles of "Sally, Irene and Mary."



Bing ("Dr. Rhythm") Crosby, meets a fellow "air" star; Jacques Swaab, an ace aviator in the World War.



No more manicuring for titian-haired, emerald-eyed Arleen Whelan, above. Arleen was discovered working in a beauty shop, was signed for films, and is to make her début in the leading feminine rôle opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped."



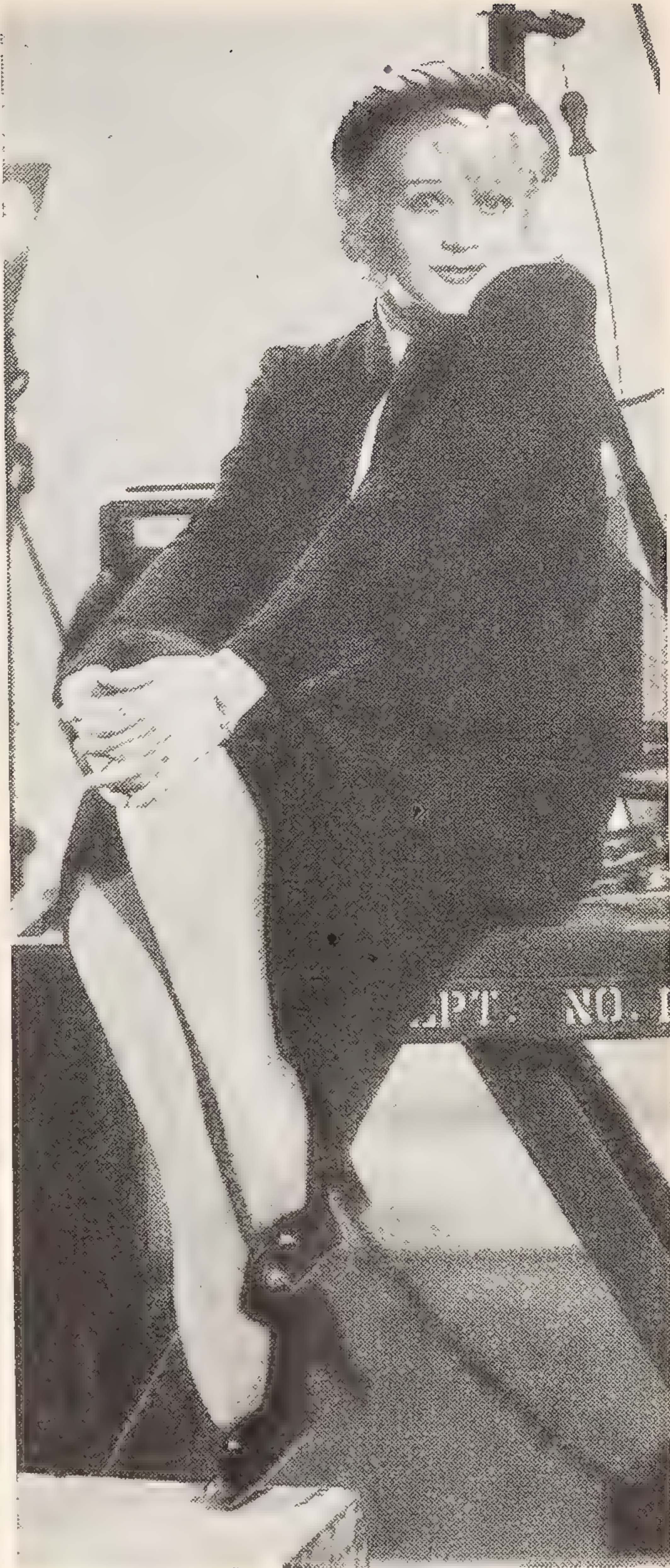
YOU have to hand it to Joan Crawford. She's not going to be an also-ran at anything! Horses have been her secret fear; whenever she's had to ride for film scenes she's climbed on against her better judgment. So what's she done, having acquired a perfect figure, fame, and the husband she wants, but learned to ride. She rides English, with no pommel to clutch, and not on alternate Thursdays. She's bought a horse, named him Secret, and—get this!—she is playing polo.

YOU know that Gary Cooper is Hollywood's highest-salaried star. Last year he made \$370,214. Here are the precise salary figures of some of the other "most highly paid" stars: during 1937 Madeleine Carroll made \$287,913; Warner Baxter made \$284,384; Ronald Colman made \$262,500; Ruth Chatterton made \$249,500; Charles Boyer made \$249,145; Fredric March made \$245,000; Sylvia Sydney made \$226,812; Katharine Hepburn made \$206,666; Marlene Dietrich made \$200,000. It's startling to observe how poorly balanced salaries are with actual box-office value. Madeleine Carroll, Chatterton, Boyer, Sydney, Hepburn, and Dietrich, for instance,

The "Big Apple" hits Hollywood hard. Harold Lloyd and his fellow players: Mary Lou Lender, Rowan Rexford, Phyllis Welch, and director Elliott Nugent, taking time out from "Professor Beware" to swing it. Right, Marian Martin, recently signed up by Universal.

are definitely not among the top stars so far as drawing power is concerned. Shirley Temple, the number one star, earned but \$121,422 during the year. (Although her mother collected \$68,666 for supervising Shirley.) To give you an idea of the great difference in salaries, here are some more exact figures: Claire Trevor earned \$27,655 and Loretta Young garnered \$118,998. Peter Lorre earned \$15,625 and Alice Faye \$45,500. Don Ameche earned \$34,499 and Warren William \$65,000. Rochelle Hudson's salary for this past year was \$26,875. Gene Raymond can support his bride in the manner of the president, for he earned \$75,625.

WILLIAM POWELL sails this month for a tour of South America. He finds travel is the best antidote for too many



memories. He isn't a recluse on his touring, though. He intends to be, but no sooner does he arrive in a new city than he's plunged into a hectic round of gaiety. He wants to be alone, but not quite enough to stave off the pretty girls who want to console him with blithe chatter. What lies ahead for him in romantic Rio?



The Misses Maguire—four, count 'em—are all acting in pictures. Mary, best known of the happy quartette, is wearing the fur coat. The others are Carmel, Joan and Lupe.



On the right train, but somebody's got the wrong stateroom. Involved in the mix-up above are Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, Maude Eburne and Spencer Charters, in "Vivacious Lady."



TWO years ago Andrea Leeds was fresh out of college. The other morning Sam Goldwyn was reputedly offered \$100,000 for her contract. That's what's called rising in the world, and how. Of course, Andrea isn't piling dough away yet. She's still rating but a very modest wage. But she has the opportunity to eventually cash in. She attends her boss's premieres with whomever he designates—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy took her to the last one in an Austin—but she handles her romancing herself. She prefers Jack Dunn. He's the good-looking champion ice skater who came to town as Sonja Henie's partner. First he was put under contract by Universal, and never got a rôle. Now he's been on the Paramount list for some time

Adventure! Freddie Bartholomew and Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped," upper left. Award! Carole Lombard, upper right, voted Best Comedienne of 1937 by Los Angeles students, receives a gold cup from Romaine Fielding, Jr. Drama! James Stewart and Walter Huston in two powerful action scenes from "Of Human Hearts," at right.

and is still waiting for his acting break. In person he's certainly got the break-of-the-year, in Andrea! They favor the Clover Club and its swing band.

THERE have been a flock of rumors about Luise Rainer since she has been off the screen so long. Her last picture was pretty much of a disappointment. They said Metro was easing her out, as a consequence. Then Luise herself blew off; she hated Hollywood and wanted to leave it. She was cast in Wallace Beery's current film and then Maureen O'Sullivan replaced her "because of illness." Here is the truth: she was too ill to work, but is all right now. The studio still considers her quite a draw. She has signed a new contract and will co-star with Fernand Gravet in Mervyn LeRoy's first picture at Metro. Then she will co-star with Nelson Eddy. So she definitely isn't being given the skids. She was agitating for these better parts, however, and for time off for a Broadway play. She'll be permitted to do the play her husband, Clifford Odets, has written.

GLORIA SWANSON has given up her picture life! She has sold the quarter-million-dollar house across the street from the Beverly Hills Hotel, the showplace where she used to entertain so royally. She has settled in a New York hotel and will try to start in again on the stage. As a farewell gesture Gloria gave a cocktail party. Mary Pickford, Dolores Del Rio, and Veege Teasdale were the actresses invited. A lot of prominent film people were there. Why couldn't Gloria, who looks as beautiful as in her more fortunate years, get another break in pictures?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is scribbling frantic notes from Budapest these days. She's so glad Ernst Lubitsch persuaded her to include it on her European itinerary. She took some French books over on the boat with her, to practice up on her French talk. After so long in Hollywood she was afraid she'd wax ungrammatical! Claudette left the first part of January and won't be

Camerawise! The St. Bernard, aware competition is keen, looks his prettiest as he poses with Jane Hamilton.



back until Easter. It's her first good vacation in half-a-dozen years and how she's enjoying running away with her doctor husband!

ANNE SHIRLEY and John Payne have had to wait six months for their honeymoon, but they're making up for the delay with a Honolulu trip that has all the trimmings. They read so many island circulars that their friends almost went crazy in anticipation themselves. And if the beach at Waikiki is no better than the sands of Santa Monica what a blow it'll be to Anne! That she's picked a nice husband was a certainty when she was ill recently. Johnny was playing a lead at Paramount. He not only rushed home every noon, but whenever he could wangle an hour off from the set he hurried to her bedside. The Paynes haven't become elegant; they rent a small furnished apartment only ten minutes away from both their studios.

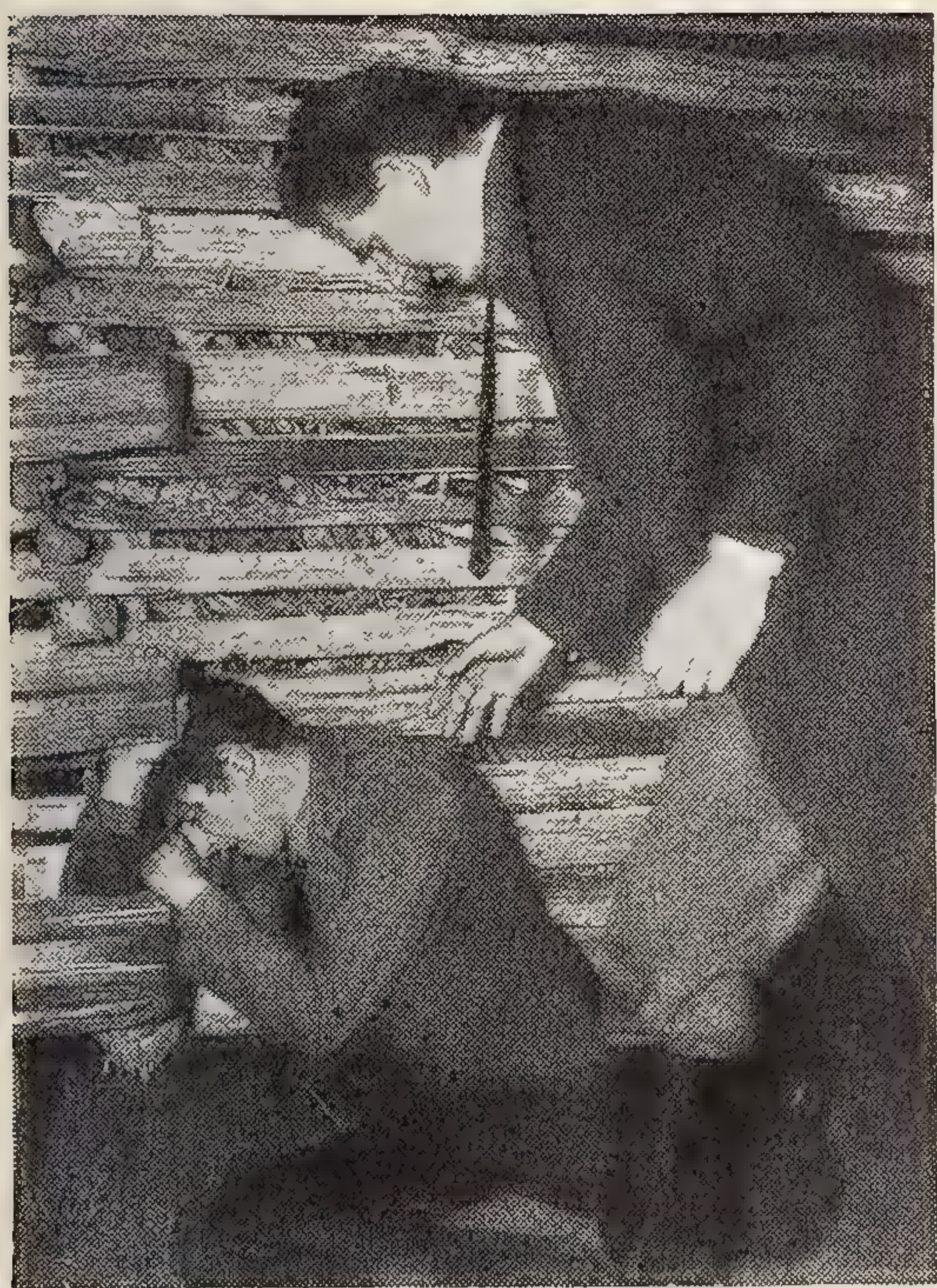
THEY often quit Hollywood with a loud blow-off, but they generally come back. George Arliss is the latest to return. He hasn't signed a new contract yet, but—like Barkus—he's probably willin'.

WHENEVER you ask George Raft to dinner you don't have to provide any meat or vegetables! His man Mack will arrive with both. It seems George is mad over New York-cut steaks, and only that meat market on the corner of 3rd and Larchmont, in Los Angeles, can furnish the cut he prefers. Nightly Mack arranges for a steak to be sent to wherever George





Youth! Betty Douglas, Judith Ford and Marjorie Deane, "Goldwyn Follies" girls who have made good in Hollywood, don't have to worry about camera angles—they're lovely anyway you look at 'em; left above. Experience! Charles Winninger and Alice Brady, right above, make the most of a comedy situation in "Goodbye Broadway."



would fail to recognize them? "The Sphinx," writes Gary, still determined he's a nobody, "didn't give a hoot about us. It just gazed Garboishly!" The five-months-old Cooper daughter is being cared for by the woman who was Mrs. Cooper's childhood nurse.

W. C. FIELDS has gained twenty-five pounds, plays golf daily, and is fit as a fiddle once more. W. C. bought a wonderful town car to celebrate his revival. It rained the other evening and the car was somehow shorted; he had to borrow \$2 from the Paramount gateman to taxi home.

is dining, and even if he's dropping into the Brown Derby he'll eat his own steak. As for the vegetables, George hates 'em. So thoroughly he's done something about 'em. He takes vegetable shots in his arms instead! When the kiddies read this the spinach-haters may desert Pop-Eye and demand easy shots à la George Raft. So shoo 'em away.

MRS. ERROL FLYNN has not abandoned her career, even though she has been unlucky with it since becoming a wife. Lili Damita—and don't say you've forgotten her since being overpowered with Errol!—considered doing a play as a comeback stimulus, but the plan fell through. She has Harry Edington, an ace agent, on the look-out for all opportunities. Meanwhile, Errol is wondering when he can get away to fly East long enough to sail a newly acquired yacht back through the Panama Canal.

THE Gary Coopers and Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons have been sailing up the Nile, no less. They're expected home soon. Both stars went incognito, Gary registering everywhere as "William Grinnell." Grinnell's the name of his college. Dolores has been just Mrs. Gibbons. She took along twelve trunks, and it's a rush jaunt! In Europe Dolores wore all black. In Egypt and Africa she stuck to all white. Even "incog" she's a style-setter. And of course neither Gary nor Dolores have been able to submerge their vivid personalities—why, they're the spitting image of their screen selves, only better looking, and who

FRED MACMURRAY tells this one, and admits he's puzzled. He'd been on a lengthy hunting trip to Mexico. He hadn't shaved for weeks and his hair was on the flowing side. Fred walked into a barber shop near Paramount, commented on the lull in business there. "All the hams in Hollywood are waiting for DeMille to make another Buccaneer," explained one of the barbers in tones of utter disgust.

THE month's most magnificent party for grown-ups was tossed by Joseph Schenck, for the Darryl Zanucks. It honored the producer's fourteenth wedding anniversary. Mr. Schenck ordered each of his reception rooms blanketed with different kinds of flowers. One room was gardenia-walled, for example. Another was a vision in pink camellias. To be piquant, one room ran away from the motif and was adorned in fresh grapes. One wall, to punch the point of the party, was all white carnations, with a big letter "Z" plumb in the middle in blue carnations. Everyone had a marvelous time in such semi-Versailles surroundings. Norma Shearer was the only lady to wear a hat with her evening gown; she thus drew special attention to her beauty.

Streamlined! Life begins to get more interesting for the girls who are selected for the Goldwyn chorus. The honeys at right make that plain.

WAYNE MORRIS was striding down the Boulevard when a gentleman ran out of a clothing store. "Oh, Mr. Morris, I've a coat for you!" Wayne smiled, obligingly stepped in. It was a perfect fit. "Why, thank you very much," he said. And started to walk out, aglow with the thrill of being a star and thus extravagantly catered to. "But it's \$135," pronounced the proprietor. Wayne was so embarrassed he bought it. "Although," he mutters, "naturally I liked it a lot!"



Eyes on the Stars

Three steps to beautiful eyes
—care, make-up, expression

By
Courtenay Marvin

MYRNA LOY and Miriam Hopkins laugh with their eyes. Joan Crawford and Bette Davis look frankly, courageously, straight at you. It would be hard to fib and get away with it before those eyes. The slumbrous eyes of Greta Garbo wrap you in a maze of romantic dreams, while Margaret Sullavan, Loretta Young, and Sylvia Sydney gaze with trusting candor. And so it goes with stars and all people, for that matter. Screen personalities are expressed first, in eyes; second, in mouth; and, third, perhaps, in voice.

Among the notable Hollywood eyes there is great diversity in color, size and shape. There is no definite pattern for lovely eyes. Your eyes are you, a personality different from all others. Not long ago, the Twentieth Century-Fox lot boasted more green eyes than any other color. When I was small, green eyes were unthinkable as a mark of beauty, and I shed plenty of tears over my own. Claudette Colbert has very large eyes, and beautiful ones, while Norma Shearer's are not large, and still beautiful. And yours, too, can be individually lovely, not like any other's perhaps, but just in your own way.

First, comes care, but many of us forget this until we are faced with the prospect of glasses permanently or suffer physical discomfort. There are some simple rules to follow to keep your eyes strong, young looking, and sparkling. Avoid strong glare from the sun or electric

lights. The glare of sun on snow, water, or sand is particularly straining. That is why so many of your stars in beach or outdoor pictures wear sun goggles. Some new goggles have just come to my desk that deserve a very good word. They are favorites with Hollywood for good reason. The lens are in soft, muted shades that do not distort natural colors, and they eliminate much of the infra-red or burning sun rays. Very smart are the colored or white rims to match a costume note. A pair of these glasses will serve manifold purposes—for motor trips, cruises, beach and general rest purposes.

It is wise to include a yearly check-up of eyes by an eye



Zorina, at top, accents her long lashes with black mascara and nightly applies a lubricant. Right, Priscilla Lawson finds a brush very adaptable for shadow blending. It gives a smooth and satiny effect. Above, Doris Weston rests her eyes with dark lens goggles, rimmed to match her costume.



specialist along with your semi-yearly inspection by your dentist. Thus any sight difficulty is detected in early stages and sometimes the wearing of corrective glasses for even a short time overcomes the trouble so that we may go much longer without them permanently.

Light by day or night is so important. Never try to sit with light in your face. Be sure that all electric bulbs are concealed under shades and that light is well diffused throughout a room, so that the eye need not look from bright spots to dim ones. This contrast in light is hard on eyes. The average reading lamp requires one 100 watt bulb or two 50 watt bulbs.

When you go to bed, remember to relax your face. When tired or worried, faces become tight and set, mouth clenched, eyes squeezed tight. This is a fine way to get premature wrinkles. Think of something funny or happy and your face will relax. Circling the eyes with a special eye cream or even a good face cream keeps that tissue-thin skin softer, less prone to lines and wrinkles. A daily or twice daily eye bath keeps eyes clear, clean and sparkling. Use in eye cup or with dropper, and when the liquid is in the eyes, throw back your head and roll the eyes to bathe them thoroughly. There are a number of helpful lotions that keep eyes healthy and bright.

Sylvia Sidney taught me a splendid method of temporarily resting the eyes. Cup the palms over your eyes until all light is obliterated, close the eyes lightly and keep them this way five or ten minutes. Eye pads, herbal or medicated, are wonderful for quick revivifying. Squeeze from warm water, apply to eyes that have first been circled with cream, lie down and rest about twenty minutes. Black eye shades are wonderful for morning sleepers. They come especially for this.

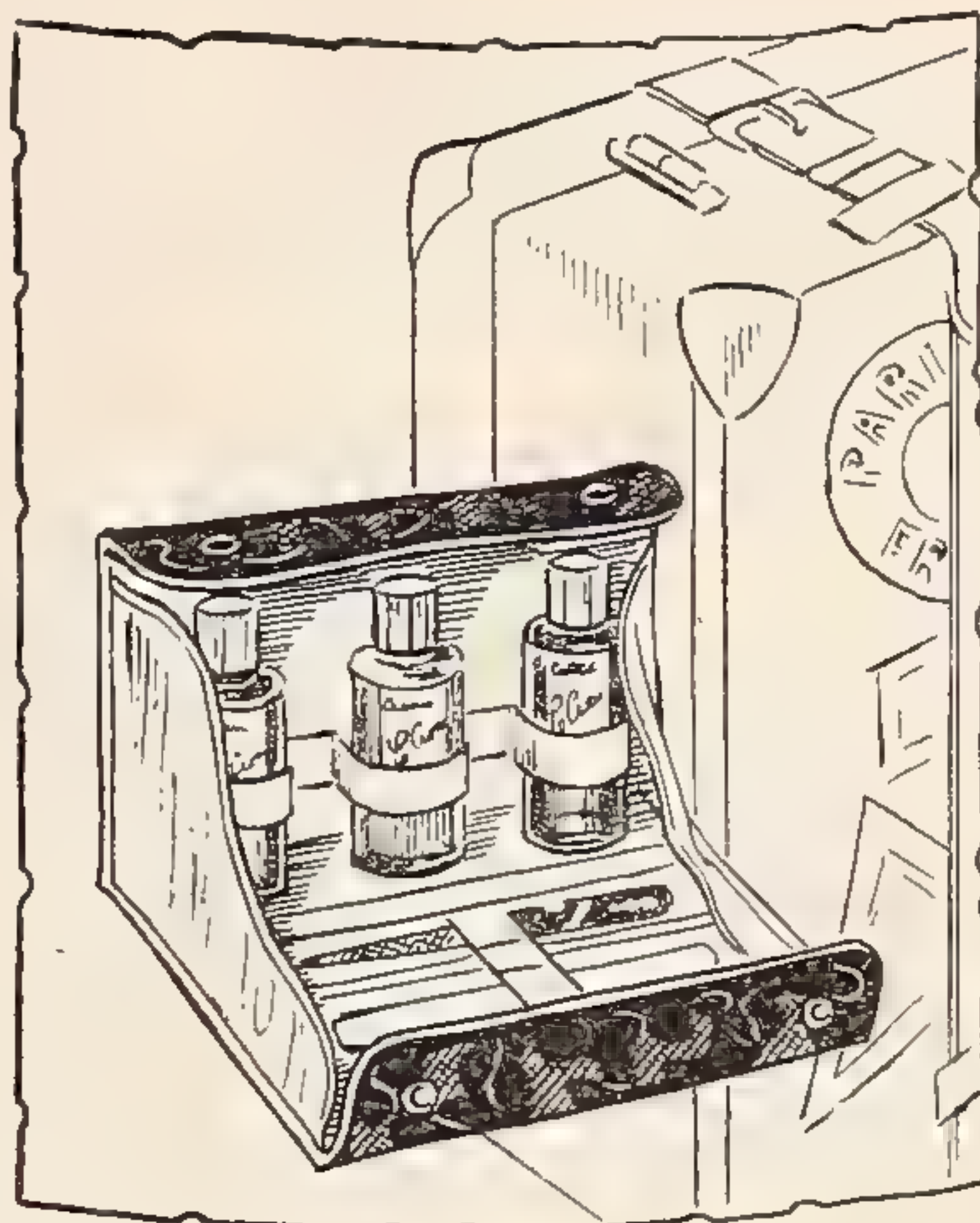
Now comes the glamor touch—make-up. Mascara is a boon to lightly-lashed woman-kind. Today, the well-advertised brands have reached a high degree of excellence, beautifying, non-smarting, non-running, and they will not harm lashes or eyes. You must, however, remove mascara gently, as carelessness or roughness will break any lashes. Remove with cream or soap and water, but wipe the upper lashes upward,

Yours for Loveliness

New Beauty Notes Well Worth Copying



Modern Eyes, a new idea for more eye beauty



A good travelling companion this La Cross kit



For a dewy complexion, Hudnut's DuBarry twins

Matchabelli's grand Shower Oil for moderns

A MODERN mascara, indeed, is Modern Eyes, in black, brown or blue. Besides giving a soft, silky frame to your eyes and being unusually cryproof, there are other important points in its favor. That spiral brush, that coats all sides of your lashes, so that even a meager growth appears luxuriant, and that neat cylinder case resembling a generous lipstick. The tube is circled with the mascara. Simply dampen brush, pass around on the



ment stores offer a very "special" for this Hudnut's DuBarry "Dew-ette" combination.

Shower bath addicts, who have felt neglected in the way of bath luxuries, cheer up! Matchabelli has made you a magnificent Shower Oil. Smooth it over your skin. It disappears, softening, sweetening, whitening. Then step under the shower. Water pressure releases a divine fragrance—that of naturally healthy, immaculate skin. This odeur heightens

Is Sex Slipping in Pictures?

Continued from page 27

how'd you like to make *his* dough?"

"Ah, but Fred has charm—"

"That's it—charm! Not sex-appeal, like Sam Goldwyn's got."

Pop! Pop! corks, corks, corks, corks.

And the table uncorked again:

"S'long as a picture entertains, chucks out laughs and thrills and holds the interest of the audience, the sex appeal can be *nil*, or almost *nil*."

"Don't you mean nerts?" boomed again the hostess' mysterious lantern-jawed friend, who now had a flask on the table.

"Well, who has the greatest sex appeal on the screen, anyhow?"

"D'pends on how the male is set up. And whether he likes blondes or brunettes. Now, as for me, it depends on the day."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I don't know exactly, but I always associate Olivia de Havilland with Sunday and Joan Blondell with Wednesday, for instance."

"Ah, sweet, hugable li'l Minnie Mouse!"

"Would you say Donald Duck has any of that destructive sex magnetism?"

"Genevieve Tobin!—she's classic. Lilting, aristocratic head. More polished than the floor she walks on. What Celestial Potter moulded that chin, what Swan-God curved that neck—"

"Cut!"

"Why, I'll bet I could make a picture without a single woman in it and, if the story was good, it would go over."

"Sex is mightier than the sword—or pen!"

"I keep my brain light, cool, and airy by reading Irvin Cobb."

"W. C. Fields, for instance. There's destructive sex magnetism for you—what goofy stuff!"

"Yes, destructive and constructive sex-magnetism, that's what we are talking about."

"No, we were to discuss Is sex passing out of the screen or isn't it, and if not, will it?"

"Listen, you tosspot, every motion picture actor or actress projects his or her aura on the screen—"

"Sex-halation, eh?"

"If it's an It woman, yes. If it's a man, yes, also, if he has that indefinable something."

"Can't understand that Taylor yen. The handsomest man on the screen is Joel McCrea."

"Trouble with Joel is he's the solid, Jack Holt type. He has constructive sex magnetism."

"Don't you think the public's getting fed up on those kiss-clinches?"

"Are you? A kiss is as new and as smacky as the rising generation. Where do you think you'd be without those clinchy close-ups? You're a smoothie in your love scenes."

Now up stood a fellow who had not said a word until then. I had noticed that he drank nothing but brandy instead of champagne. He looked like a Continental Don Juan. He immediately commanded the attention of us all—all except the Santa Barbara philosopher, who was now playing solitaire. He thundered:

"Sex is fury! Sex is creation! Sex is divine! Sex is hell! It will never pass away from the screen! Men and women are incurable romantics! Nature is the great sex-dynamo. Every picture has sex somewhere secreted in it. Even Ed Ciannelli and George Raft must do their black deeds for a moll! There is no such thing as D. S. M. There is only the Eternal Girl. Hollywood without girls would be like a bouquet without flowers."

"Is he *meshuggah*? Who's going to take the girls out of Hollywood anyway!"

"Basil Rathbone sure is the greatest and most cold-blooded villain on the screen. The blood of the fans turn to ice when he comes on. Would you say he's got sex-pull?"

"Yes, they tell me widows are crazy about him, as his fan-mail shows."

café at Monte Carlo, and ideas took on a new lease of life.

"The most famous stories in the world are not sex-stories—'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Les Misérables,' Cooper's Indian stories, 'Hamlet,' 'Alice in Wonderland'—"

"The Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation—"

"You sex-addicts can't take it, eh? You've got to kid me."

"Love's one thing. Sex is another. Why don't we get a good real love story on the films?"

"You mean the 'Romeo and Juliet' thing? They don't click, I tell you. They want up-to-date hot-cha."

At this point in the bubbling over of this word-stew, I thought I'd have my say. Why not? I was inside the movies for years, when a vamp was a vampire, a languorous lily of soulless love and a blood-red rose of sin—yowzir!

"What's-his-name over there," said I, pointing my finger generally in the direction of the bar without spilling a drop, "is right. Neither the picture public nor the stage public pays big for just sex-stuff. They do not care so much for an emotional wallop as they do to be thrilled or entertained."

"If you produce a picture with a beautiful and Itty woman walking through eight reels and there is no story, you will have a dead duck on your hands. On the other hand, you can put a couple of Itless men and women in a rip-snorting, quick-action picture and it'll go like free dimes at the Mint."

"The fans will, of course, like the rest of the human race, never tire of beauty in women and the handsome, manly guy, but it is a fact that even the younger, the post-war generation—"

"The post-war *degeneration*, you mean," put in a frosty-faced dialogue-writer.

"Have it your own way. What I was going to say when that sophisticootie interrupted me was that even the younger, the rising, generation is so blasé, as it were, today that the cheap sex claptrap and kissing ga-ga make them yawn. It doesn't register any more because it's the same technique over and over again."

"Well, they're no new words for sex situations and God has not invented any new way of kissing or any new thing to do with the hands—so what the hell are we going to do?" asked a director who looked like Wheelerandwoolsey.

"You mean," said the Rising Female Star from What Cheer, Iowa, "that we're going back to the old static love-stuff where a fellow does a quadrille and a minuet around his girl, kneels to kiss her hand and then pulls a bunch of violets from under his coat?"

Then up spoke "Nerts":

"You've said it. What the films need is a good dose of old-fashioned love, and we don't want it in the striped pants, the handle-bar mustache and the bustles of the 80's and 70's either. Right up to date.

"Personally, I say sex is overworked, it's on the out, and the better pictures are playing it way down because the producers sense the fact that we are moving into a hard-boiled, quick-action, realistic world.

"Unless we return to the romance-making of our grandmother's day, sex is sunk. It'll be a branch of war and politics, and a minor branch at that."

"Who is this fellow who speaks English?" I whispered to a critic on my left.

"Gad! Don't say you don't know him! Why, that's—" and he whispered in my ear the name of one of the most celebrated novelists and playwrights in the world.

"So," said my hostess, levelling at me a sarcastic Mona Lisa-Bill Powell smile, "you don't think men and women will go on making passionate love to one another in pictures, eh?"

"Only incidentally", I replied, "just as happens in real life. "Did you ever stop to think of how little time, month in and month out, is actually given by all of us to love-making? Well, that's about the proportion it ought to get in pictures.

"You know, lovemaking has only a kick when done personally. The love-letters of the other fellow are always ridiculous.

"The great pictures of the future will deal with heroic lives and comic situations."

And then we all went on location back to Fifty-second street.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

wood at least, if a dish seems to them likely to add to the poundage they simply skip it.

"Here is the menu for one of my latest dinners:

Consommé
Broiled Trout, Butter Sauce
Cucumber Rolls
Crown Roast of Lamb
Minted Carrots
Saute Potato Balls
Green Salad Bowl
Chocolate Soufflé
Demi Tasse

"My cook will give you such recipes as you would like to have. I know very little about cooking, but I always make out the menu.

"In this case, we served an additional sauce with the trout which is delicious. It is fresh horse-radish chopped up and added to whipped cream.

"The cucumber rolls are made from very fresh white bread, sliced thin and rolled around thin slices of cucumber. These must, of course, be served as soon as they are made."

Minted Carrots, I discovered from the Bennett cook, are often served when lamb is on the menu at the Holmby Hills house. You boil the carrots until tender, cut them into shapes, glacé them in brown sugar and butter, and sprinkle with chopped mint.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

Mix 3 level teaspoons cornstarch with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk and when it is smooth add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of powdered sugar and 4 level tablespoons butter; place the mixture in a saucepan and stir over the fire until it boils; remove and stir until cold and then add the yolks of 2 eggs and 3 level tablespoons grated chocolate (Bakers); beat until smooth, add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and pour into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Serve in the same dish.

"I suppose the most unusual dish we serve here is a dessert called creamed cones.

from any extra mouthful of food, but La Bennett is exempt from these worries. Slim in blue wool with a brilliant clip at the throat, she shrugged them away.

Although it has been said that she never wears the same gown to any important Hollywood affair, she denies that she goes in for an extensive wardrobe. She buys clothes for the three months of each season—not too many of them, but enough to cover her needs—and then gets the new models as they appear. With styles changing as rapidly as they do, she sees no special point in loading up with a six months' wardrobe.

"You must see the playroom," she suggested, presently, after we had admired the collection of silver gathered in England, the linens selected in France, and the china from France and England. "We usually follow a dinner with games in here. Backgammon has been popular, but now we seem to be going in for Guggenheim and bezique."

The playroom is a spacious one, done in knotty pine, with a sage green rug and a fully equipped bar ornamented with copper. There are sporting prints on the walls, tables for games, a fireplace, and equipment for an infinite variety of entertainment. There is even a screen and projection space for showing films. Twin lamps, pottery roosters in yellow carrying rakish shades, stand at either end of the bar.

Occasionally, a preview party returns to the playroom after the theatre showing and varied delicious sandwiches are served.

Sometimes there are open-faced sandwiches, of sliced egg with anchovy, Hormel ham with the powered yolks of hardboiled eggs, herring with onion rings, or cream cheese (Philadelphia) dotted with chopped dates and nuts.

And sometimes the sandwiches are heartier, including:

HOT HAM AND CHEESE

On rye toast spread a thin layer of piccalilli; then a slice of cold ham. Mix a paste of Kraft American cheese, mustard (Gulden's), Worcestershire sauce and cream, and spread on ham. Heat in the oven and place under broiler to brown slightly.

AVOCADO SANDWICH

English Broken Here

Continued from page 24

bers with Eddie Robinson in "The Last Gangster."

Annabella represents Fox Foreign Femininity. Unassuming, sincere. Wide brown eyes, sunburnt blonde hair, and an air of boyish directness. When this girl says: "I love the smell of earth after rain, the smell of freshly baked bread, and small babies after their baths," she is not pulling the wide-eyed womanly-woman stuff. She means it. And how do I know? I'll tell you. Because she admits she doesn't know where acting leaves off and Annabella begins. Anyone who can be that frank about herself has too much appreciation of her listeners' intelligence to try such worn-out banalities, unless it were first completely refurbished and dished up in a different form. That is one reason I believe this remark of Annabella's. Also, the fact that it occurred when and where it did in the conversation: Over broiled lobster and green salad in the Cafe de La Paix on the Fox lot, we were discussing planetary laws. Although keenly interested in the subject, Annabella had never happened to delve deeply into the significance of such laws, and was sincerely amazed when she found that many children of her planet found surcease and strength in the earth.

Her involuntary reaction to the newly-found knowledge was such intense pleasure that tears came to her large brown eyes. "It is thrilling to know that others feel this way. I never told anyone about it, as I thought it might sound so silly, but it is true. If I bury my nose in the earth, it fixes everything. If I must live in an apartment, I die."

The mere fact that she thought herself singular in this idiosyncrasy further proves the sincerity of her apparent aphorism. She's like that all the way through, too.

"I like best to talk to children, about eight or nine." A mark of the true sophisticated. She has completed the cycle of confused so-called adult mentalities and finds sanity and sound reasoning in childish directness. Lack of pretense in everything is an outstanding characteristic. Her clothes, for instance: A casual yellow and black flannel.

of the avid and searching student of life.

"Is it true also that people of my birth-month, if they act, will never, never stop? Me, I shall work in a wheelchair at eighty, if I can, but I shall never stop. Nothing can stop me. The work, I mean. The parts I love."

Tenacity towards creative work cannot fail. It has taken her a long, long way, already. From Fox to Europe to Fox, which is a long, long way in this instance. Just three short years ago, a little girl resembling the radiant poised creature sitting here, a star amongst stars, made her quiet mouse-like way about the Fox lot. A shadow of the Annabella that was to be—the nucleus, the embryo. It is even fitting that the lot to which Fate brought her should be Fox. Physically, I mean, for on this sunny winter day, in whatever direction one looked, there were gently sloping hills of rich, copper-colored earth. And a calm, gentle peace prevailed the scene, making it difficult to believe that an industry was going pulsatingly forward, amidst such serenity.

That Annabella of three years ago was doing a foreign version. Just about as important as a field-mouse and just about as colorful. Living in loneliness at the Beverly Hills Hotel, homesick, but even then determined to come back some day and show them. She has. The new Annabella is this year's latest imported model, darling of the lot, a splashy red star on her dressing-room door, and William Powell's vis-a-vis, no less! She rode back to Hollywood on "Wings of the Morning," in resplendent colors, and she's here to stay!

Her name was chosen with customary thoughtfulness. As both her father and husband are writers, she did not wish to trade on their names, so chose Annabella. Of course, inspired by the dolorous Poe's poem, *Annabelle Lee*. But today she is more like Baudelaire's poetry. As you know, he is often called the French Poe. However, the story behind Poe's writing of that poem has the same underlying quality of sadness as one sees in Annabella's eyes. As you recall, Poe came home to his cottage by the sea in wild state of drunkenness and asked his girl-bride to sing for him. She demurred, telling him of a very sore throat. At the insistence of the man she loved, she sang. And sang and sang and sang—all night.



Danielle Darrieux as she appears in her first American film.

poet who made words sing like the sound of a thousand violins in a dim, other-world symphony. He was perhaps the first to write poetry in prose. But like Poe, everything was dolor. Don't get me wrong, the only dolor about Annabella is her tremendous dramatic ability, but she has all the hauntingness that these two unhappy bards sang about. Wait till you see for yourself in "The Baroness and the Butler."

What have these people that our local talent lacks? Is it *je ne sais quoi*? An extra *soupon* of polish, a dash of daring, a fillip of folly, or just plain novelty? The latter, I think, is one of the important answers to this controversial question.

Unless you wish to delve into such far-flung theories as are being expounded by the sitting-room-seers, such as "MY personal belief is that the producers are very far sighted. You know, television is just

*Brings
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*"A cleansing
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Mrs. Arthur Richardson



Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of



(ABOVE) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.

(CENTER) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**SEND FOR
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**TEST IT IN
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Pond's, Dept. 7S-CR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

HOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs *at contact!* (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. *Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!*

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold



seasons' old, no matter how exquisite the material originally, and then bring new zest to her work when handed a length of lustrous new satin or luxurious velvet; so a director, too, enthuses over a new medium with which to express his art.

The least common denominator of all of these foreigners is their grim earnestness and gratitude. That is the *really* important answer. A Russian emigré friend of mine said recently: "Over here you are all Croesus'!"

Suppose you came from a country where hardship and heartbreak were the daily dole, and suddenly, through hard work and lucky breaks, were plumped down into a heavenly country where roses were blooming riotously in mid-winter, where tons of food were heaped in the market places, and gold was poured into your hands with which to buy everything you had always longed for? Your reaction would be the same as that of all these people. They've known contrast, and thereby learned appreciation. Nothing can deviate them from their path. They will not take the slightest chance with this precious opportunity. And right there *they have us licked!* We, who have learned to accept—central heating, air and sunlight, free medical attention, free education, free culture, free parks, free everything. And from long acceptance, we have fallen into the habit of criticism and discontent. Each one of these new Hollywood citizens leads a rigorous life of self-discipline: Work, work, work. No time for play. Study, study, study. And always and everlastingly grateful.

Add to that the fact that they are adults, and not suffering from the common psychosis of adult infantilism, necessitating symbols of success such as swimming pools and star sapphires, to bolster their egos, and you have a hard combination to beat.

Perhaps the Foreign Colony will act as an incentive to our American Colony, and inject some healthy competition into our own brilliant ranks, who may have let down just a bit. Whatever the result, the public will benefit; for real talent, whether foreign or home-grown, will flourish on competition, and greater portrayals than ever before will be brought to the screen. If Hollywood has come to be an International Track Meet, let's be sporting enough to really wish that the best man wins!

Danielle Darrieux' own ménage offers an interesting example which we might segregate. Danielle was furnished by the studio with a secretary-interpreter, Mary Lee Martin. Mary Lee is tall, blonde, lissome and debonair. As a child actress on the Universal lot, she became a Victim of The Thing—and will never be content again unless she's before the camera, giving a take for posterity. She attended U.C.L.A., achieving the coveted Phi Beta Kappa Key. She was also honored by the French Government for her linguistic abilities. Then on to Washington, and the State Department, where she was doing more than all right. But she longed for her first love, and came back home to Universal; this time as a stenographer. So when Danielle arrived, to do the "Rage of Paris," what more natural than to send Mary Lee to her home? Mary Lee now takes M'sieur Decoin's dictation in French, translating mentally, and makes her notes in English, while attending to the various other duties of the household. This charming southern girl with generations of breeding behind her, has nothing but praise and admiration for Danielle and her husband, but it must be darned hard to help another along the path of one's own Heart's Desire. A Salute to a Gallant Lady!

Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. Add common denominators: All these girls seem to have done a picture with Fernand Gravet at some time, somewhere! How that man gets around!



Barbara Read is a most suitable subject for camera art.

The Rise of Regan

Continued from page 25

ularly proud of his wife and children and home ties are deeply imbedded in him, but for more than three years he kept those he loved best in this life in the background, away from Hollywood eyes and knowledge. His wife, Josephine Dwyer, saw to that.

"Look, dear," she said, when Phil brought his family to California in 1934, "there's no real point to your telling anybody about us. It would be dynamite to your career, just as it's starting so well, if it were known you had four children, even though you are only twenty-seven now. We'll stay out of sight, away from Hollywood entirely, and here in Pasadena no one will associate us with Phil Regan, the actor. No one here need know you have anything to do with motion pictures."

So, even though the idea didn't appeal to him a nickel's worth, Phil Regan, to Hollywood, was the gay, romantic, unmarried swain. "This is my sweetheart," he sometimes would introduce Josephine Dwyer, on their rare appearances together in Hollywood—and everybody took it for granted that the girl with him was his latest "flame." Nobody, during all the time this masquerade was practiced, once asked Phil directly if he were married.

"There was one occasion," Phil chuckles, in recollection, "when a prominent newspaper columnist approached me at a preview. 'Phil,' he said, 'I just heard from the east that you're married and have five children.'"

"'Not five,' I told him, 'four.' Both of us laughed, and that was the last I ever heard of it. He thought I was kidding him. Actually, of course, I had never been more truthful in my life.

"And I meant it, too, when I introduced Josephine as my 'sweetheart.' I've never liked the sound of the word, wife, and have always used sweetheart, instead. Although no one knew it, I was really presenting the wife nobody suspected I possessed. Nor was I lying when I told friends that it would be the proudest day of my life when I could introduce Miss Dwyer as my wife."

Phil was seventeen when he married Josephine Dwyer. That was when he was driving a truck, back in Brooklyn. They were pronounced man and wife in St. Francis' Cathedral, but there was no money with which to take a honeymoon. Instead, Phil led his bride from the cathedral door

"I've found LOVE"

says
**ANNE
SHIRLEY**

"With women, Romance comes first... that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"LOVELY SKIN wins romance — *L* and *holds* it," says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, **ALWAYS** before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather. It keeps skin *smooth!*



● Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil your looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.



● And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with this **ACTIVE** lather.



● They take the screen stars' tip—win romance—and *hold* it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch.

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RKO-RADIO'S PRODUCTION
"Condemned Women"

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it





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color

Yes!

lipstick
parching

No!



Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that *rough* lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color...and its *protection* from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips...encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢. "Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air...its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50¢.



Eight precious drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb". That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

to his truck, drove her to the one-room apartment he had rented—and returned to work.

Born the son of Irish immigrant parents in a poor section of Brooklyn, Phil was working at odd jobs before he was ten years old. His father managed to keep him in school through the grammar grades, but high school was impossible. He got a job driving a wagon on the docks.

"One of my earliest and fondest memories was riding on my father's brewery route," Phil says, "so it wasn't so surprising that I should take a job driving a truck, too. I remember how proud I was, as I drove my team past a group of former playmates."

From teamster, Phil progressed to auto truck driver, and it was during this period that he married the girl with whom he had been keeping company for more than a year. Private chauffeuring developed as a desire to better himself, and finally he joined the police force.

"Thirty-five dollars a week—all my troubles were at an end," Phil smiles now. "The work was steady, and there was always that pension of thirty dollars a week at the end of twenty years. My life seemed complete, and Josephine and I were entirely happy. Two sons, Joseph and Phillip, Jr., had been born to us."

The screen was farthest from his thoughts during this period. So, too, was singing over the radio. How Phil came to abandon his chosen profession for radio work was purely accidental.

He had been detailed, in his capacity of plain-clothesman on the force, to watch over a sumptuous party. His partner chanced to tell the host of his talent for singing, and the host insisted that he oblige. He was little less than a sensation.

Ralph Wonders, then a top executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System, heard him and asked him to take an audition the following day. Phil didn't show up for this audition until later, but immediately it was over, Guy Lombardo, the orchestra leader, proposed he join him on the Burns and Allen radio hour.

"Before I accepted, though, Josephine and I discussed the proposition at great length," Phil declares. "As a cop, I was sure of a job; while, if I went on the radio, I was assured only thirteen weeks. Of course, the future might offer something interesting, but I would be relinquishing my chances of that thirty dollars a week pension."

While such a prospect may mean little to many people, consider Phil's position. He had been born of poor parents—steady work was at a premium—a regular salary for twenty years, with occasional raises and

possible promotions, and a retirement pension of thirty dollars weekly, was an opportunity not to be ignored. Lombardo's offer, however, promised a great deal, and Phil finally accepted.

He became known in radio as The Singing Cop, and continued on the radio after the termination of his Burns and Allen engagement. In December 1933, he determined to take a chance on Hollywood, and on blind speculation arrived in the movie capital. An interesting sidelight was that Josephine Dwyer, unlike most wives, insisted Phil bargain with fate and go west, where the chances were several thousand to one against him. She and the four children remained in New York.

One of those rare breaks you often read about touched Phil with its magic wand. The first night he was in Hollywood he went to the Cocoanut Grove, where Guy Lombardo was opening that evening. Clarence Brown saw him, and told him to report the following day at the studio for a screen test.

The test was for Joan Crawford's leading man in "Sadie McKee." While another, Gene Raymond, won this rôle, the test proved to an agent that Phil possessed an extraordinary voice, and straightway he sold him to Warner Brothers, who placed him under contract. The family reached the film capital shortly afterwards, and the move which was to make Phil the romantic bachelor decided upon.

"It wasn't easy, posing as the gay blade with matrimony farthest away from my mind," the actor tells you. "Many and many a time I was on the verge of chucking everything and presenting my family for all the world to see, but Josephine talked me out of it each time."

"I remained with Warners for two years, but there were so many other singing actors on the lot that I decided I could do better elsewhere and asked for my release. I went over to Republic, and played in 'Laughing Irish Eyes.'"

This is the picture which really focused Hollywood's attention upon him. After a second film for this same company, Republic decided to produce a big musical extravaganza, "The Hit Parade," with such names as Frances Langford, Cab Calloway, and Eddie Duchin. It cast Phil Regan in what amounted virtually to the starring rôle. More recently, he appeared in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round," and established himself definitely as one of the screen's most gifted singing personalities. He'll next be seen in the starring rôle of "Mavourneen."

"I haven't any visions of becoming a great star," he explains, surprisingly. "I've set a very modest goal, not at all in line with what is expected of a picture star. I want to live in comfort with my wife, and provide for my children. I want a nice home, and a moderate income. So far as the luxuries of great wealth are concerned, however, those are not for us. We're simple folks—we don't want them. That is why we want our children to understand that they're no better or no different from their friends, those whose parents are not in motion pictures or particularly wealthy. It's only through a streak of luck, anyway, that I'm in pictures and that we're as well off as we are."

An amazing young chap, this Phil Regan. A star now, he still thinks of himself as fortunate indeed even to be in Hollywood. His honest brown eyes give no indication that he is aught but amazed that events have taken the turn they have in directing his fate. It's not so wondrous, though, to those who know him—talent such as his cannot long remain hidden. His voice alone would ensure his popular reception. I repeat, he is one of the most un-Hollywood persons ever to arrive in the film capital. Phil Regan will always keep his feet on the ground.



The airy grace of Joyce Mathews is accented by a novel hair-do.

Screenland Snoop

Continued from page 21

subjects to be acted and enforce discipline and quiet and refinement—if possible. The subjects may include the title of a movie, a play, a book, a poem, a song, or a famous painting; the name of a well known person or place; a familiar quotation, a slang phrase, or an advertising slogan; historical, Biblical, mythological episode, or practically anything.

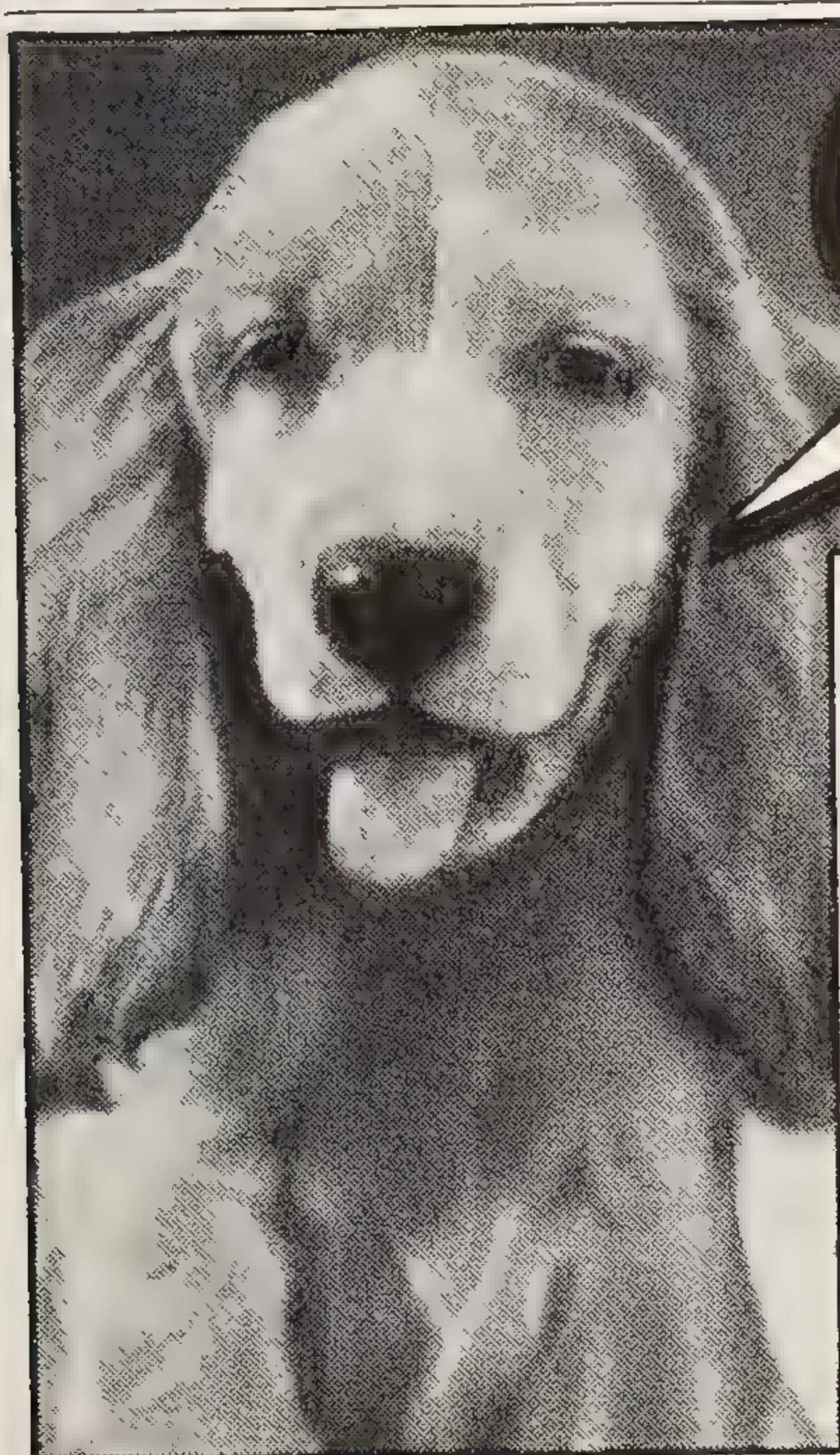
There must be a time-keeper with a stopwatch who can be trusted. Sometimes one minute is allotted a player, sometimes two or three. Ready, get set, go! The captain gives the slip of paper with the subject to be acted on it to a player on his team and that unfortunate wretch must act out what he finds written on the paper so his own team will guess it as quickly as possible. From the moment he touches the paper the player cannot speak or make any sound. He must get his subject across solely by acting. Generally his team tries first to establish whether it is a "book," a "quotation," etc. This done, the player goes into his pantomime while his team screeches and yells at him. He usually tries to act out the key word, but when the key words are abstract he has to resort to phonetics and will act out separate syllables in a word—a method to be avoided if possible. Naturally there are signals he can give his team when they are getting warm, and when they finally guess it. The team that takes the least time to guess the other team's list is of course the winning team, and at the end of the party feels just about as peppy as a piece of soggy bread. You look utterly moronic not only when you're acting, but also when you're guessing.



Just to prove that all Hollywood romance doesn't necessarily have a night club setting, here's a pastoral version by Simone Simon and Don Ameche in "Josette."

The best of "The Game" players in Hollywood is Loretta Young, who can take practically any subject that is handed her and act it out before most of us have unfolded our slip of paper. Loretta recently finished a strenuous picture schedule and wanted to "get away from it all." You know, relax, and all that. So she went to New York, started playing "The Game" and with only a few hours out for sleep played it all the way back to the Coast. She's the fastest both as an actor and a guesser—she ought to be, she knows them

all by now. Fortunately Bill Powell and Al Kaufman and several other Hollywoodians were on the train too so Loretta didn't have to call in the engineer and conductor to make a team. Fans along the route who crowded around the Chief at the stations report the queerest goings-on in Miss Young's compartment. But it really wasn't Mr. Powell getting fresh—he was merely acting out "Variety is the spice of life" and having a hell of a time with "spice." The William Powell fan club of Kansas City had a special treat. They arrived just



WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?

POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!



NO TUFFIE--JUST THE DENTIST'S OFFICE CALLING ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT. SAY! THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE BAD BREATH ADS! I WONDER...



YES, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



THOUSANDS MARVEL TO SEE THEIR SKINNY BODIES FILL OUT

*As these Wonderful New
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Add 10-25 lbs. in a Few Weeks*

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of people are thin and run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Once these elements are properly supplied, as they now are in these amazing, new Ironized Yeast tablets, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report wonderful new pep, gains of 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks—complexions naturally clear and fresh—a new natural attractiveness that wins friends everywhere.



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Why they build up so quick

Food chemists have found that one of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special rich yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, this imported English ale yeast is concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of yeast to make just one pound of concentrate—thus making it many times more powerful in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast. Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron and pasteurized ale yeast are added.

The result is these new easy-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets, which thousands of formerly skinny people who needed their elements hail as one of the greatest weight-building, health-building discoveries of all time.

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Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get it today.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this valuable special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.



IMPORTANT

Beware of substitutes. Be sure you get genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

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in time to see their idol acting out "The sins of the fathers."

Bill, however, isn't one of the best "Game" players. He insists upon taking his time and he always stops to giggle and that slows up the action. Personally, I wish I felt like giggling when in the agonies of pantomiming "Taxation without representation is tyranny." I feel more like murdering. I've known Bill for years and he has never been able to take any game seriously. In fact there was once a rumor that his unguarded Kings and unfinessed Queens led to the Lombard-Powell divorce.

Loretta admits that she has only been completely stumped once and that was at the Darryl Zanuck party when some So-and-So handed her "Twas ever thus." She lies awake nights trying to figure out how she could have done that. Loretta hates to try to guess Shakespearean quotations, as she has never spent much time with Shakespeare, but any kind of a Biblical quotation or episode is a cinch for her and her sister Sally Blane. Her favorite is "Rebecca at the Well."

Next to Loretta I suppose Barbara Stanwyck is our most avid player. Barbara hasn't made a picture since last August and has been suspended by RKO since October so says Barbara, "'The Game' is my salvation. It's the only chance I have to act now. Thanks to 'The Game' I can keep in practice." Comes Sunday night and the members of the Mar-Wyck Ranch Game Club gather about Barbara's big fireplace to watch Barbara act—and get in a little acting of their own. There you'll find Robert Taylor who had rather act than guess, Carole Lombard who had rather guess than act, Clark Gable who likes to do both, Marian and Zeppo Marx and the Ray Millands.

Barbara acts with great dash and enthusiasm, indeed her enthusiasm one night practically ended in tragedy. Bob Taylor was expected to arrive from England, via New York, the next morning and Barbara wanted to look fresh and lovely. "I'd been practicing glamor for days," she said, "and thought at last I looked like a cross between Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. 'I'll act out only one more quotation,' I told the gang, 'and then I go to bed. Give me a hard one.'" They gave her, "To err is human, to forgive divine" and Barbara became so involved in erring that in the excitement she hit her nose with her long glamorous fingernails that she had been growing for Bob and practically ripped it open. "The Game" was called off while everyone offered suggestions for healing Barbara's nose which was bleeding all over the place. "When I saw Bob the next day," said Barbara, "I looked like somebody who had just gotten the worst of it in Madison Square Garden. I certainly didn't look like a cross between Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard."

The hardest one she ever tried to do, Barbara says, was "Don't spit. Remember the Johnstown Flood." She suspects Mr. Gable. Her portrayal of the Flood was so excellent that Carole guessed "Rhythm on the Range," Marian guessed "The Last of the Mohicans" and Ray Milland was positive that it was "Nothing Sacred."

I arrived at Claudette Colbert's one night to find Director Ernst Lubitsch writhing on the floor. Acute appendix, I thought at once, and was ready to call an ambulance. But it seems that the Herr Director was only doing "The Birth of a Nation." Claudette, who becomes quite indignant if the studio wants her to work after six o'clock, will sit up all night playing "The Game." She loves it. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," almost baffled her, but she came through with flying colors on "Paths of glory lead but to the grave." Claudette neatly laid off a path, and after guesses

of "road" and "walk" Gary Cooper, who loathes the "Game," guessed "path." Then Claudette began to take bows right and left. Her team was completely dumbfounded. What could bows have to do with a "path." And then for once I showed a grain of intelligence. Perhaps it's because I know movie stars so well. "That," I said, "is 'glory.'" And then of course with two key words we all shouted the quotation at the same time. You and I, rank amateurs that we are, would probably have waved an imaginary flag for glory—but an actress takes bows.

Of course there was unmerciful kidding at the Darryl Zanuck party when Marlene was handed "She walks in beauty" and "Aphrodite" both on the same night, and didn't have to do a thing but point to herself. Myrna Loy, who is called Minnie by her close friends, is about the worst of the women players. Although an actress, Myrna is much too shy to get the most out of "The Game." "And," says Myrna, "they always give me such awful things to do. Now how can I do, 'Remember the Maine?'"

And you'd be surprised to know who the worst of the male actors is! None other than the greatest pantomimist of them all, Charlie Chaplin. Charlie just doesn't get the hang of "The Game" for some reason or other. When given "Deep as the ocean" the other night he complained bitterly that it was much too difficult and couldn't be done. Immediately ten people offered to do it for him. The best of the male actors are Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Ronald Colman, and David Niven. Doug, Jr., is so nuts about "The Game" that he even plays it between "takes" at the studio and whereas Irene Dunne used to knit horrible things that were meant for sweaters but turned out to be mufflers between set-ups, she is now right out there with Doug, Jr. trying to figure out with Director Tay Garnett what her leading man is trying to convey. He seems to be walking over imaginary mountains. "Hannibal crossing the Alps," shrieks Irene, as pleased as punch with herself. And of course the cast and crew of "The Joy of Loving," not to mention Designer Eddie Stevenson, will never forget the day Miss Dunne did "Like a fish out of water" right in the middle of dusty Stage 4.

The English, it seems, are excellent at "The Game." Ronald Colman, Benita Hume and David Niven are calm, precise, and right to the point without wasting a second. Ronnie Colman was so marvelous one night that he actually forced a team of dim-wits to guess, "Able was I ere I saw Elba." The French are either fluttery or quite bad. Fernand Gravet will act but has a hard time guessing. Of all the foreigners in the colony Marlene Dietrich is the best when it comes to both acting and guessing. Nothing is too difficult for Marlene to attempt. Her best is "Simple Simon met a pieman."

At one of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell's parties I recently found a new interpretation of "The Game." George Burns, Jack Benny, and Harry Ruby decided that the three of them would act out all their subjects together. In fact they decided they would even select their own subjects and that we could guess them. First the three of them walked to the center of the room, started pointing at each other and shaking their heads. For a moment there they had us, and then Mary Livingstone guessed, "The Irish in Us." Later came "The Wandering Jew" and "The Perfect Specimen." Joan and Gloria Blondell rank right up with the top-notch players; indeed Gloria has worked it down to such a system that she can usually guess it as soon as she knows the category it fits into. Though there is one she never *did* guess. That was the night that sister Joan did "The Oedipus Complex."

"Collaborate With a Camera"

Continued from page 63

Yes, I've tried making little humming sounds to get them to perk up their ears, but even then they wriggle!"

Another hobby of Dolores' is the home movie camera.

"I have a small Cine-Kodak in which I use color film," she explained, her eyes full of little gold lights, as if her enthusiasm had lighted lamps in their dark depths. "I wish the day would come when motion pictures could get some glorious color on the screen! I have lovelier shots of Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper, Errol Flynn, and Fay Wray than anything you've seen in their films.

"On the 'Lancer Spy' set, I made gorgeous color shots of our scenes that far surpass those they made with the black-and-white cameras. I used to tell them every day how much better mine were! I made some intriguing shots of our director, Gregory Ratoff—what a nice person he is!—when he was terribly excited. Such fun! I show them to him and he pretends to be furious!

"I've experimented with color film in my still camera, but without great success.

"There is a film, called Dufay film, that you can buy; you get six negatives for \$7.50, and you are permitted to send them to New York for developing and printing. The negatives are tiny things, but the returned prints are blown up to a fair size and beautifully mounted.

"I am not expert enough yet to make this worth while to me. Perhaps only an excellent artist could afford to do it at this stage, for each print should be more than a mere amateur shot at that price.

"However, it's difficult to judge for other people. Camera work gets finer every day. The beautiful pictures made by such men as Steichen are worth collecting. People buy and hang them as they used to buy valuable paintings, and I think they fit into a modern house better."

One of the thrills of doing portraits with Mr. Gibbons, Dolores' husband, according to the star, is that he has original ideas of composition and focus, and likes to experiment.

"We will often take half a dozen portraits of the sitter in the same pose," she



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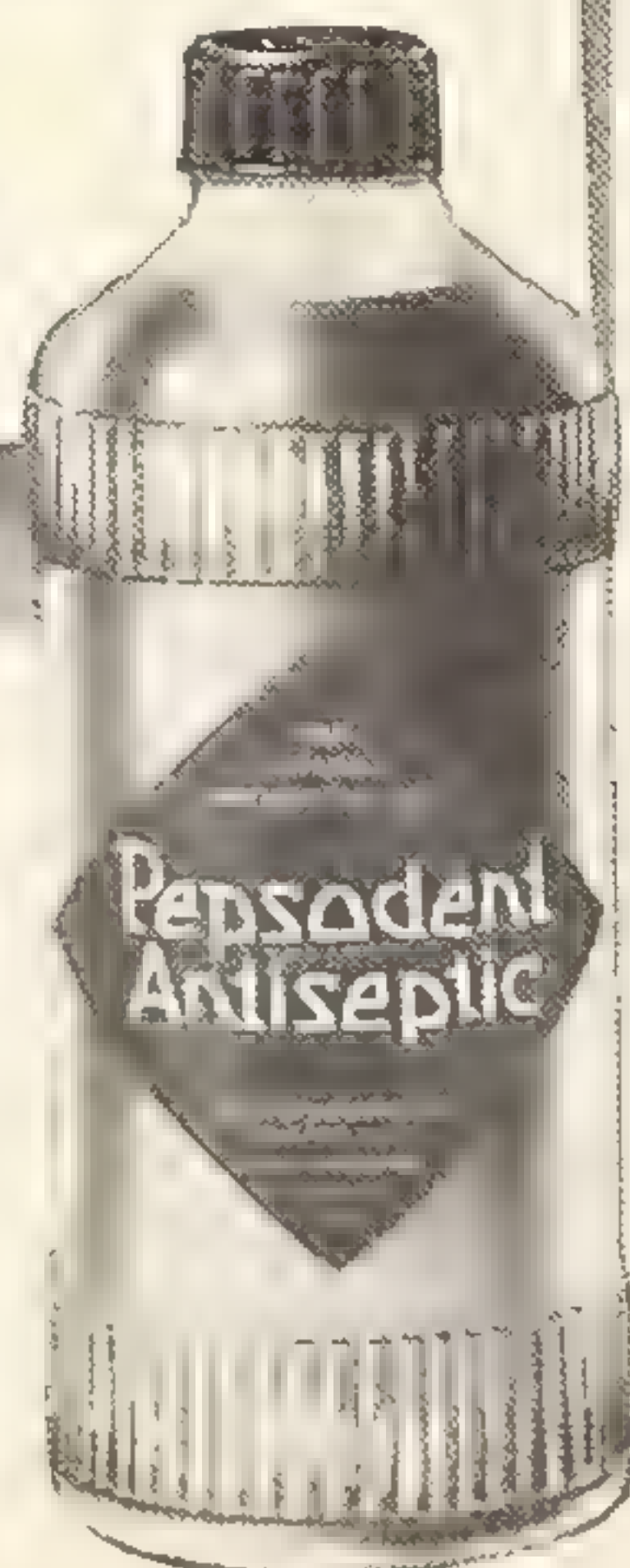
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confided, "and number each shot so that we will know exactly what was done, if the negatives get mixed up. Our notes on the numbered shot tell the focus, the lighting, the change in background, etc., and then we add the printing time. When we have a larger collection, we should be able to tell exactly how a given arrangement will result."

Dolores is far enough along with her hobby now so that she can mentally change the colors in a scene to be shot by her still camera into the varied blacks, grays, and whites that will be shown in the finished print.

"At first, I would forget that the green branch behind a girl in black would most likely appear as an extension of the black costume," she explained, "but now I seem to know automatically which shades of red will go dark and which ones will go light. This is partly my motion picture training, of course.

"I've always had a feeling for beauty, but, do you know, since I began to make pictures I seem to have a greater appreciation of it, a greater awareness. I see beauty in line and interesting composition where I didn't especially notice it before.

"I was down at Palm Springs last week, and how I wished for my Rolleiflex! I had the little movie camera with me and I am so proud of the shots I made. Sand shots make gorgeous pictures, just as snow shots do, but so far I have had no opportunity to shoot anything in the snow. This time I made pictures of typical desert scenes, of cactus, even some close shots of cactus in flower, with one tiny rosy bloom filling the screen.

"If you have sunlight on your sand, or snow, you can have your figures face away from the bright light, using the sand as reflector. The odd thing about this hobby is that it seems not to have a limit—one thing leads to another. Reflectors, for instance: we have none yet, so we use white walls or sand. When we are farther along with our portraits, and can bear to let our attention stray, we shall probably get one or two real reflectors and experiment with them."

One of Dolores' hints to amateur cameramen is this: "Watch your background, especially in an outdoor shot. Telephone wires a block away have a maddening habit of showing up in a finished print. You don't see them when you look into the finder, but there they are! If you take a water shot with a beach line in the distance, look over the scenery for ugly billboards or hideous little shacks that might ruin the shot. You think: 'It's so far away, it won't be seen,' but it always seems to stick out and spoil things. So for pictures that please, Dolores reminds us, one must carefully observe the background.

"If you take pictures in a room, or on a terrace, or anywhere with a close-up background, look at the scene in detail before you click the shutter. A vase of flowers may look artistic on a table behind the girl on the couch, but in the finished print it may seem to be growing out of her head. A shift to one side would avoid this freak.

"It's just as well not to let your subject wear a hat. Everyone looks better without one, and hats of today are likely to make their wearers faintly ridiculous tomorrow. Most of us are appalled at our millinery of five years ago, so unless the girl is in costume—which will be ageless—take off her trick hat.

"A hobby like this one doesn't depend on expensive equipment. Anyone with a cheap box camera and home-made filters and screens can get enjoyment from it. It develops ingenuity, because you find yourself getting new ideas and have to figure out ways to make them come true.

"If you can get a collaborator, it will double your fun!"



Gloria Stuart offers you a very smart idea in resort wear.

With Garbo at Home

Continued from page 29

before the window and adjoining a white and blue bathroom that is surely the smallest ever owned by a famous film star. It has no provision for cosmetics. Garbo dislikes to use make-up off the screen and even the exquisite pale spun-gold of her hair is entirely due to its morning and evening's brushing.

Reverting to Greta's statement that she was not going to "marry anybody at present," that word *present* may have been used in a very literal sense. Benefit of the doubt might well be accorded her, for it was a fact that Leopold Stokowski at that time was in America. Only later did the famous conductor sail the seas on the same path Garbo had travelled weeks previously.

Before she left Hollywood Garbo denied the rumored romance and impending marriage—at the time she made the denials Stokowski was still married. Later his wife divorced him and contracted another marriage, thus giving added vigor to the persistent Garbo-Stokowski rumors emanating from Hollywood.

Sometimes Garbo goes to Stockholm, to renew her acquaintance with the friends of her early days when she was struggling to earn a few *kronen* in the city herself as salesgirl, photographic model, and occasional film extra. On these days she leaves Haarby alone in a modest car whose chained wheels lumber slowly along the snow-stacked country roads and stays at the apartment of a woman painter she has known for many years.

Together they go to watch the winter sports, the ice-yachting and skate-sailing on the frozen waters of the great Archipelago, the hockey-matches at the Stadium and the ski-ing out on the hill at Fiskartorpet. Like most Swedish women, Garbo is an accomplished skater and she follows the professional performers with the critical eyes of an expert. She has taken the keenest interest in Sonja Henie's work in Hollywood.

One night Garbo went to her own cinema in Stockholm. She is the only star in the world who has a motion picture theatre named after her and formally dedicated to her art as well. It is called "The Garbio," bioscope meaning cinema in Scandinavia, and stands in what Greta often describes unaffectedly as "my part of the city"—the densely populated working-class district where she lived when she worked in the hat department of Stockholm's leading store.

Daytime Garbo's street dress is invariably in the same classic style. Her severely tailored suit is of dark wool and covered with a long loose coat or cloak to match. A colored scarf perhaps and peasant-type pigskin gauntlet gloves, heavy flat shoes and dark silk stockings, maybe a soft felt pull-on hat if the snow is falling, but often her hair falls uncovered to her shoulders. At home she wears it uncurled with her forehead fringe quite straight too.

In the evening she goes glamorous without departing from this original fashion she affects. She was centre of a gay informal dinner party at the Grand Hotel one night, sitting in the winter garden restaurant where she laughed and chatted with her artist friends. She wore an ankle-length gown of midnight blue velvet, fitting her slim figure tightly, with long wide sleeves and an antique gold filigree brooch at the shoulder. Over it went a sweeping blue velvet cloak which pulled the fur-lined collar across her head exactly like a becoming monk's hood.

As always when she comes home, Garbo has been shopping in Stockholm, buying things to take back to Hollywood so that she shall still be reminded of her native land.

That is where Garbo differs from most foreign stars who go to Hollywood. They become enthusiastically Americanized, enchanted by the novelty of their new environment, but Garbo's nature is too deeply rooted fundamentally ever to change her habits or ideas. She will learn, improve, and polish herself; but she will never alter in essentials. Today the world-famous star is still the sister of every other tall blonde Swedish woman in the streets of Stockholm, thinking and feeling and acting in just the same way. She lives across the ocean now, but her heart remains at home.

Only the fact that she loves her work to the exclusion of everything else keeps Garbo in Hollywood—she makes no secret of it to her friends. She counts the screen the most important thing in her world and she abnegates herself and her own desires to the demands of her art just as did Duse and Bernhardt and the famous actresses before them. The reason she goes so little to the bright night-spots of Hollywood is that she prefers to use her leisure resting to keep fit and fresh for her work and studying to better understand it.

Even at home in Sweden her thoughts and conversation continue to centre round the screen. She buys all the American and European film magazines and takes them back to Haarby to peruse as she lounges beside the stove. She reads new novels and sees new plays with a view to their scenario values. She talks to the Swedish actors and actresses ever anxious to gain wider technical perspective and stimulating dramatic ideas.

Garbo will never "go home" in the popular catch-sense. She may shed tears when she sails for America again as she has always done, but she will stay on the ship just the same. Stronger than calls of homeland, deeper than all ties of family and friends, is this passionate love for her art. It is this complete absorption that has made her the supreme star she is and it will keep her proudly serving the silver screen as long as the cameras will turn for her.

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Bashful Baker

Continued from page 34

the highlights of somebody's career and all of a sudden you find that you're talking about truck farming or whether or not it is ever advisable to use a brassie to get out of a sand-trap. And on this particular afternoon we covered the subject of trout fishing in all its finny aspects from the Lake Arrowhead region to the northern Siskiyou and back. From angling we skipped lightly over golf, on which subject I was, luckily, a little better versed, and verbally reviewed some fifty or sixty holes whereon we could have given Lawson Little a run for his money.

Funny thing, though, I noticed every time I tried to get him to talk about Kenneth Lawrence Baker he'd shie away from the subject and steer the conversation back to mashie-niblicks and forty-foot putts. Very queer, I thought. Something is very, very funny here. You don't usually have any trouble at all getting screen stars to tell you all about their miraculous rise to fame and fortune. So once again I was nonplused. Most disconcerting.

At long last, after sinking putts from impossible distances and making recovery shots from unbelievable spots, I had to take the bull by the horns, as it were, and make a stand. "Now, look here, Mr. Kenny Baker," I said (it was getting close to five o'clock), "after all, I've got a job to do and you're the only one who can help me. Now, how's about it? Come on, be a good egg and be interviewed like a gentleman."

A look of genuine pain came over Kenny's good-looking face.

"Aw, gosh," he said plaintively, "can't we just sorta talk about golf and fishing instead?"

"No more golf until I find out all about Mr. Baker's young son, Kenneth," I said. "Anyway, we've covered the subject of golf from Brentwood to Lakeside and back already."

"How do you like Lakeside?" Kenny asked desperately. "Isn't that thirteenth hole a pip?"

I agreed that the thirteenth hole was just that, and then it struck me suddenly that all the rumors I'd been hearing weren't rumors at all but the gospel truth. But the truth, in this case, sounded suspiciously like a publicity man's build-up—only it wasn't. For, as long as I was content to talk about golf or fishing, Kenny Baker would chatter on far into the cold gray dawn and it was only when I insisted upon finding out the why and the wherefore of Kenny himself that he became all fussed and got that pained look on his face.

Senors and senioritas, the horrible, soul-searing, hideous truth about Mr. Kenneth Lawrence Baker of Monrovia, California, is that he is BASHFUL! Painfully, agonizingly bashful! And isn't that something? It is, because it's not a gag and Kenny would, personally, give a great many twenty-dollar bills if he could overcome it.

I hated to be cruel but I had to find out so I asked, "Is it true that it took nearly a whole day to shoot a scene of you kissing Jane Wyman in your first big picture, 'Mr. Dodd Takes the Air'?" Just a lot of publicity chatter, wasn't it?"

Mr. Baker was, at this point, nervously running his fingers through his hair and gradually acquiring the hue of a brick. "N-nope, it's the truth, all right. But, gosh, I couldn't help it. I was so darned embarrassed and scared that every time—every time I went to kiss her—I got a kind of a funny look on my face. The director said I looked like I was getting ready to make a parachute jump. Oh, man, that was an

awful day! I'd rather not talk about it."

Well, there you have it. And it was nearing seven P. M. when Kenny had unblushed enough to let me in on his Open Sesame secret of success.

It wasn't so many years ago (Kenny is just 23) that the Navy lost a potential admiral. At an early age Kenny announced to his family in no uncertain terms that he was going to follow the sea and make Perry and John Paul Jones look like a couple of sissies. But instead his Dad bought him a violin and young Kenneth decided that maybe Heifetz or Kreisler were the ones to show up. What's more, he learned to play it, and with no little skill, too, for upon entering Robert Louis Stevenson Junior High School in Los Angeles, he was made assistant leader and concert master of the exceptionally good school orchestra.

Then, upon entering Long Beach High School, it suddenly dawned upon him that he was wasting his time fooling around with the violin. He discovered, quite by accident, that his voice possessed a most unusual quality and range. Where other and well known tenors would strain for a high note and grow purple in the face, Kenny found that he could sing up to their highest pitch and then keep right on going up the scale for several more tones. Aha, he thought—it's clear now that Richard Crooks is the man to go gunning for.

So Kenny Baker packed his violin and laid it on the top shelf of the closet and commenced to study voice. But he couldn't seem to find a teacher that suited him. In fact, he tried out more than a dozen in the course of three months and the only helpful thing they taught him was the correct way to breathe. "You breathe from the stomach," Kenny said, "and if you don't think it's a tricky feat just try it sometime."

Well, 1930 rolled around and Kenny studied and practiced and learned to breathe with his stomach and when summer vacation came by he gave up in disgust and took a job as a farm-hand down in New Mexico.

"Down there," Kenny explained, "people don't seem to mind so much if you breathe with your lungs."

But when he came back he got a few days work with a choral group doing background singing in one of Ramon Novarro's pictures, and this so enthused him that he straightway entered the national Atwater-Kent Radio Contest. Edward Novis, brother of Donald Novis, former national winner, was his vocal teacher now, and at last he felt that here was the teacher who could do the most for him. And he was right, for Kenny finished second in the Long Beach district try-outs and was now thoroughly convinced that his future lay in his throat.

But all this time his old bugaboo continued to haunt him. Every time he faced an audience at a social function or a church entertainment his knees would commence to tremble, his hands would shake and, all in all, he would be just about the most miserable young man in the state of California. And if there is one thing in the world a singer must have it is poise and confidence.

"In fact," said Kenny, "when I stood up to sing the people in the first three rows always thought it was going to be a Spanish number. My knees sounded like an introduction with castanets. Honest."

But, bashful or not, Kenny Baker kept right on singing every time he was asked, which was pretty often when the Lions and Rotarians found that he was glad to sing for nothing. And that's real nerve too, when you go right ahead and do something that you know perfectly well is going to scare you silly!

In 1933 when Kenny was nineteen he married his high-school sweetheart, Geraldine Churchill. This necessitated the old American custom of buying-bread-for-the-

bride so he got an engagement at the First Church of Christ Scientist at Santa Anita and every week he brought Geraldine his nineteen dollars and told her to go ahead and squander as much as she liked but to save out enough for singing lessons.

And then, lo and behold, after doing a little radio work with a quartette, he was engaged as intermission soloist at the newly opened Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. Now he was getting some place! From the prestige gained at this exclusive hotel he began to get more picture work. True, it was all "background" work: supplying the singing to Walt Disney's cartoons, Silly Symphonies and the like, but it paid well and, with his regular salary, Kenny wasn't doing badly at all. And Geraldine was very happy about the whole thing and told Kenny that he'd be crazy if he didn't enter Eddie Duchin's Texaco Radio Contest. So he sent in his application and qualifications and promptly forgot about the whole matter until one day several weeks later, while working on Lawrence Tibbett's picture, "Metropolitan," he was informed that his audition would be the following morning and to please be on time.

Kenny was on time, all right, and when he had finished his song they told him to come back the next morning to compete in the semi-finals. He won that and then, tired and more nervous than ever because he was holding up a whole movie company, he advanced to the finals and won that too, hands down. And were they scorched out on the Fox lot when Kenny came sprinting in more than two hours late!

Winning this contest gave Kenny the opportunity of being heard for the first time over a coast-to-coast broadcast and also gave him a week's engagement at the famous Coconut Grove at \$100 bucks per. But once at the Grove he so completely wowed the diners and dancers that he was



Katharine Hepburn, in the mood to be modish, wears a reefer.

kept on not only through the duration of Eddie Duchin's contract but also through those of Ozzie Nelson and Al Lyons.

And then Mervyn LeRoy happened in one evening and was so impressed by the Baker voice that he immediately placed him under contract and cast him in the picture,

"The King of Burlesque." Kenny blushed his way through that picture but his voice didn't fail him and Mr. LeRoy was so pleased that he spent half of the time congratulating himself and the other half going around smirking at less intelligent talent pickers.

Then—this was in 1935—Jack Benny heard him and gave him a trial broadcast on his famous radio show. Kenny had no sooner stepped away from the microphone, so to speak, than Jack shoved a contract for seven more weeks at him and then followed through with a contract for thirteen more.

"WOW!!" Kenny said, momentarily forgetting he was being interviewed. "By that time I was so scared and thrilled I could hardly keep inside my own skin!"

Jack Benny straightway christened him the Timid Tenor. He says that Kenny approached the microphone like it was a coiled cobra and even now he has to assure him before each broadcast that the poor "mike" isn't at all venomous and is, in fact, actually docile if you look it fearlessly in the eye.

In October of 1936 Kenny joined Jack Benny again with a thirty-nine weeks' contract and then Mervyn LeRoy signed him to do "The King and the Chorus Girl," with Fernand Gravet and Joan Blondell. Then in rapid fire came "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," soon to be followed by "Fifty-Second Street" and "Goldwyn Follies."

And that, as hard as it was to pry loose, is the story of how Kenny Baker blushed and flustered his way to the top of the heap. And, incidentally, of how I happen to be on speaking terms with a Dusty Heckler—pardon me—a Brown Coachman, or is it a Royal Miller I'm thinking of? Anyway I know more about fishing since I interviewed the lad who would rather talk about trout and golf than himself.

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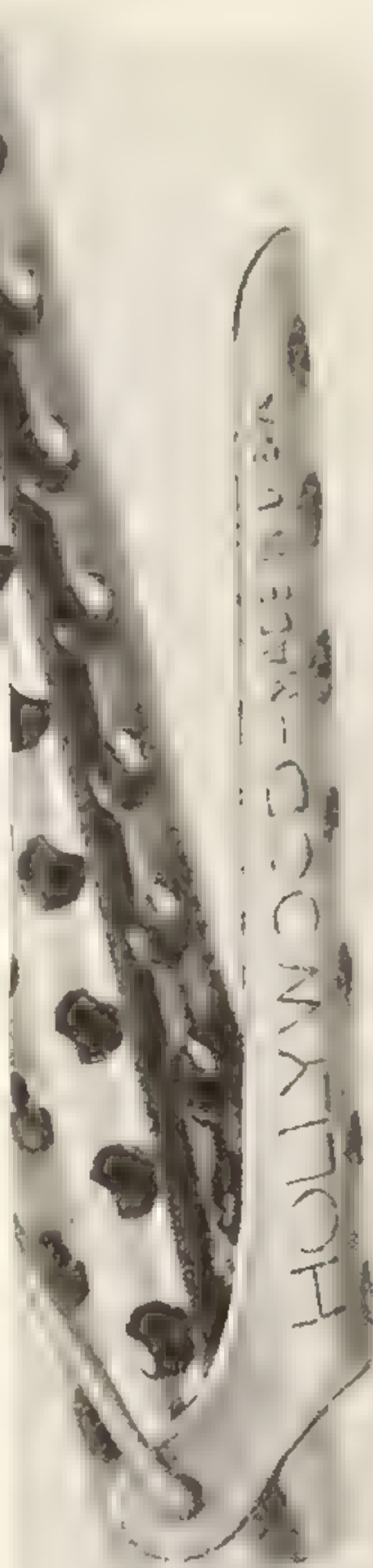
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EYE-GENE



Secrets of Hollywood's Ace Directors

Continued from page 33

nineteen then, carrying a violin under one arm, a pair of skis under the other. Out at Universal he was known as just another relative, one more of the Laemmle kin. Willy didn't like that at all. One of his hardest fights was to make the company forget that he had been signed up simply because he was a Laemmle cousin. He succeeded so well that when he first put on a bit of temperament and demanded a release—this was after "The Good Fairy"—the company said "All right." Willy was terribly unhappy. He had had no intention of leaving Universal. Pride wouldn't let him stay after that. He went into freelancing and made a name that is quite his own. He was married, for a year or two, to Margaret Sullivan and says they fell in love during the making of "The Good Fairy" because they enjoyed fighting with each other.

W. S. Van Dyke is one who's gone in for adventure. Like all the big directors, he's a likeable fellow, talks well and gets along with people. He has his own way of directing, as individual as it is effective. He's apt to switch scenes suddenly, throwing his star into complete confusion. He did it once to Robert Taylor, pretending the scene was a rehearsal and filming only one take. The handsome Robert, newer at acting than he is now, was in despair until he saw the rushes. Then, somewhat abashed, he had to admit these were the best scenes in the picture.

Woody tried this on one of Hollywood's prides and joy, who was intensely flattered by what he considered the director's trust in his ability. Woody snorted when he learned this, and spoke his mind freely:

"Certainly he never needed more than one take for each scene. That's the way we work with animals too. You figure out what the animal is able to do—or likely to do. Then you set up the cameras and photograph whatever he does. It's no use photographing it a second time. The animal won't be any better. He'll just be more tired. And that's the only way to handle some actors."

He's one director who's been all over the world, even had a taste of real exploring. He made "Trader Horn" in the wilds of Africa, and says that was just grief all the time. He filmed "Eskimo" in Alaska, "The Pagan" and "White Shadows in the South Seas" on location. He turned down "The Good Earth" because he thought it should have been made in China.

For sheer fun, there's probably no one in Hollywood to compare with Ernst Lubitsch when he's feeling gay. Always, on the set or off, he is puffing one of those dollar cigars that look bigger than ever compared to his small figure. His eyes are bright and always laughing. I've never heard him make a malicious remark, or heard one made about him. The only time I've ever seen him really mad was when he discussed censorship. The censors, by the way, didn't cut even a line in "Angel," so carefully had the witty Lubitsch handled a dangerous situation.

He was an actor back in Berlin days, and transferred to directing about the time that Pola Negri became a European star. One of her German films, "Passion," brought him a Hollywood contract. Little Lubitsch has been here ever since. Story conferences prove that an actor never quite forgets his art. Eyes dancing, cigar waving, Ernst Lubitsch goes through each scene. He will

add a bit of business there, a line of dialogue there, a gesture now.

When the script is finished, so practically is the film. Lubitsch knows what he wants. He has it there, down on paper, in detail, and complete in his head. He has only then to persuade the actors to get the idea, and this he does with a contagious merriment. He does not weep with the sad scenes nor grow hysterical with emotion, in the pre-talkie style of direction. He chuckles and suggests, or, despairing, does a bit of acting himself. It's fun to watch. Evidently, from what his actors say, it's fun to do.

Mervyn LeRoy is no longer known as the boy director, which is all right with him. He got pretty tired of that when he reached his mid-thirties, although his slight figure and round face still made him appear in his teens. His boyish appearance occasionally complicated his life, especially in New York. Once the treasurer of a Broadway theatre refused to hand over the tickets reserved in LeRoy's name. This, said the box office man, was just an office boy trying a very poor impersonation. The director had to hunt up witnesses to establish his identity.

He is ambitious and direct, this former newsboy who got into the picture business as an extra. He never used his relationship with the producer, Jesse L. Lasky, to help himself along. In fact, he usually kept that fact a secret.

He is a quick-witted little fellow, with an ability to whip up an electric atmosphere on his sets that is reflected in his pictures. For a while he was a gagman, a job he glorified by calling it comedy constructor. His first films were comedies, but gradually he's shifted over to drama, to "They Won't Forget" and "I Am a Fugitive," with only an occasional "The King and the Chorus Girl" and "Fools for Scandal" in between.

Mervyn talks eagerly, waving about that tremendous black cigar which he uses like a baton when directing. Those black cigars, fragrant, and tremendous, are distinguishing marks also of Alexander Korda, the Hungarian who flopped in Hollywood and made so conspicuously good in London.

LeRoy is still determined not to rely upon family connections. Married to the daughter of the eldest Warner brother, he is pulling up stakes at the Warners' studio and becoming producer-director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Then there's Cecil B. DeMille who can



The girl James Dunn waited for!
Frances Gifford, Jimmy's bride.

stage as nerve-wracking a scene as any of his actors when sufficiently bored by what he calls mental stupidity. His actors are terrified of him, and intensely admire him. He's absorbed in show business. His greatest boast is that, after fifty-two active years, he now finds himself a veteran of stage, screen and radio. Although it takes up what spare time he might possibly find, C.B. won't give up his weekly broadcasts. He enjoys too much the feeling of going into people's homes, sitting in front of their fireplaces, and chatting with them informally. Of the three mediums he seems to find radio the most fun.

This does not keep him from going on with the lavish spectacles he films each year. However his Dutch ancestors might feel about it, C.B. likes to splurge. He's a quiet man off the set, well read, friendly, quick to remember even the most casual acquaintance. His father was a playwright, and his mother, after the father's death, a play agent. C.B., like so many directors, almost had his war training too. He tried to enlist for the Spanish-American war, but was too young. Instead he went on the stage, slowly turning from acting to managing and writing. It was almost as a joke that he joined up with a glove salesman, one Samuel Goldfish (now Goldwyn), and a vaudeville performer and producer, Jesse L. Lasky, to gamble on films.

He has been making films since they first went on the market, and isn't bored with them yet. He has just, within the past two years, rediscovered American history, and can't get enough of that either. With "The Plainsman" and "The Buccaneer," he uses American history as background for his spectacles. That's the sort of thing he enjoys, standing on a high platform in the midst of several thousand extras and directing through a public address system.

There may be those who'd rather chat amiably with Clark Gable about his Broadway days or discuss her return to the screen with Norma Shearer. But I'd rather hear Gregory LaCava admit, a little reluctantly, that he built up that crazy atmosphere on purpose for "My Man Godfrey." Mr. LaCava, once a newspaper cartoonist, has his own ideas about getting spontaneity into a picture. He doesn't use the surprise technique, like Van Dyke. He just lets his cast have a good time. For "Stage Door" he tried to get everyone into a merry mood. "My Man Godfrey" was to have a slightly lunatic quality. Gregg LaCava kept up the clowning even when cameras were not turning. He joined in all the practical jokes—Carole Lombard can't get enough of them. He laughed at all his cast's quips and stunts. The set was like a handsome insane asylum.

LaCava will tell you that comedies, especially the mad farces he does so well, are work, hard work. He'd much rather make dramas because they're easier. Neither he nor his actors have to play at top speed all the time. LaCava's parents were Italian. He looks Italian too, with black laughing eyes and an insistence upon getting all the fun he can out of life.

Frank Capra is another Italian, this time one actually born in Italy. He's not like LaCava, exuberant and party-loving. Capra is quiet, so quiet that even a producer doesn't try to talk him down. It would be no use. Capra's quiet is one of his strengths.

He's a little fellow, like so many directors, some five feet four inches tall. He's worked at practically everything from singing in cafés for his supper to pruning trees at twenty cents an hour. His picture career, starting as a gagman, was all ups and downs, with some of the downs pretty heartbreaking, until Columbia gave him a chance.

He has a definite taste in stories, and thinks "Lady for a Day" his favorite film,

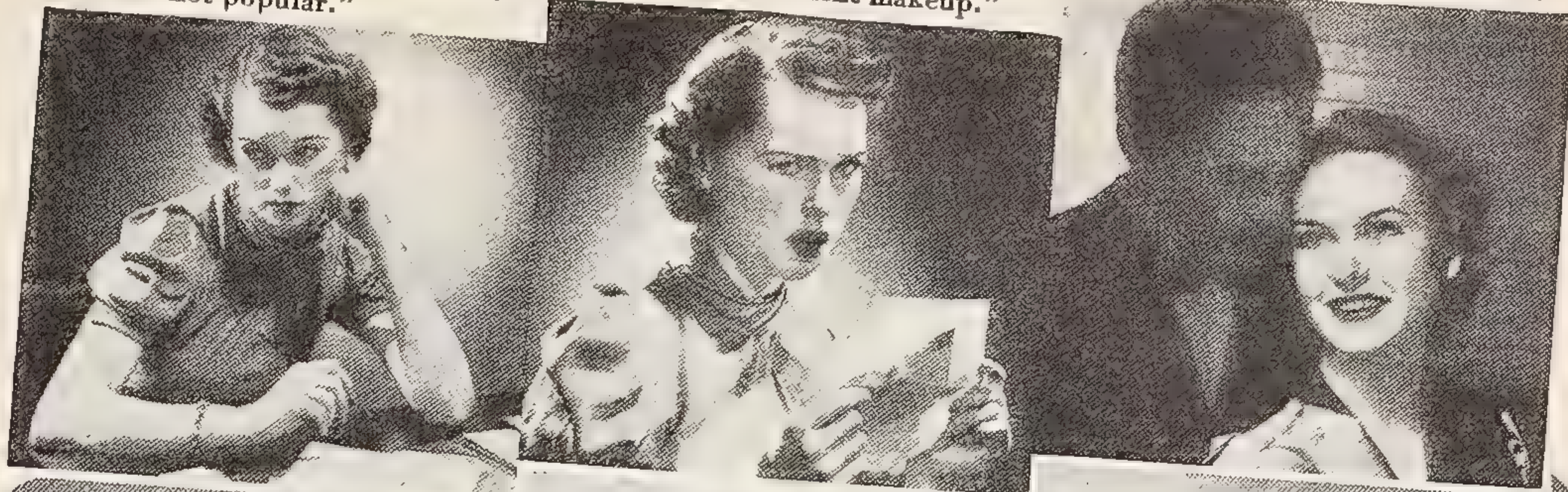
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because it was so like a fairy tale. He likes to experiment but is more cautious about suggesting it since "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," which he really liked, proved a flop. He takes a long time making his films, working often for a year ahead on the script, as he did with "Lost Horizon" and as he's doing now with "You Can't Take It With You." He and his scenario-writer, Robert Riskin, went around asking everyone they met how they'd like to live in Shangri-La and why, before they made "Lost Horizon." Out of all the answers they concocted their idea of a place they'd like to stay forever. And, to a prejudiced observer, it looked just like Hollywood!

There are lots of Italians among the better directors. Capra is the dreamer type, his mind seldom off his work, concentrated, and ambitious. Frank Borzage takes his work in his stride, having a lot of fun along with it. He doesn't mind staying up until two in the morning, talking of everything but his picture, and turning up on the set at eight o'clock in fine mettle. His films, even back in "Seventh Heaven" days, have usually been tender love stories. His background is a Utah mind, where he worked as he saved up money for a correspondence course. It was acting that he learned at long distance, but the course didn't help him get a job. He got into the theater as a property boy, back in the days when he was sixteen.

Borzage would rather talk about polo than pictures, and about anything but himself. But he'll tell you grand stories about his actors, always with the affection he seems to have for anyone in his cast.

It is from their directors that you can learn the truth about the stars, about Carole Lombard's generosity from Wesley Ruggles who directed her in "True Confession" and gives that high-spirited young lady all credit for the picture. Wesley is the brother of Charlie Ruggles, but much more serious about his comedy. He got scared in the middle of "True Confession" because everything was going so well. Carole always arrived early in the morning. She had sent flowers to Una Merkel, whom she had never met, on the day that Metro actress first reported on the Paramount lot. She had kept the whole cast good-tempered. Ruggles couldn't believe his luck. He was still scared, till the picture opened and began building up box office receipts.

Ruggles will tell you of that month at Sun Valley, Idaho, when everyone had a

vacation but himself. He didn't dare ski like Claudette Colbert, or skate like Melvyn Douglas. Someone had to avoid a broken leg, and probably that person had better be the director.

There's only one woman director now in Hollywood. She is the tailored, hard-working Dorothy Arzner. She is a much more colorful character than most of the stars, with a Hollywood background that began in her childhood. Her father ran the old Hoffman café where William S. Hart, Erich von Stroheim, D. W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Wallace and Noah Beery, Raymond Griffith, Frank Lloyd and the rest of the pioneers used to eat whenever they could afford it. They used to talk about directing. Dorothy, sitting on James Cruze's knee, knew all about studios long before she had ever been inside one. Years later she got her first movie job as a typist in the script department. She began to hunt other jobs, to work as a script girl, to assist the cutters, to write scenarios on her own time. She has not made many pictures. Hollywood still is wary of women directors. Last year she directed "Craig's Wife," and this year "The Bride Wore Red." She is a crisp young woman, who thinks there is a decidedly large place in motion pictures for women. Miss Arzner does not go in for glamor. She is too busy.

But for glamor, real glamor, there is always Walt Disney. Even in Hollywood, where Greta Garbo hides out so publicly, there is curiosity about Walter Edward Disney. Mr. Disney makes no attempt to hide out. He's always there, in his studio playing with Mickey Mouse or the Seven Dwarfs, or at home playing with his own small daughters.

Kay Francis can talk about the clothes she will wear in her next film, and Spencer Tracy about how bad he was in his last film. He is always sure he was bad in his last film. But Walt Disney knows why he made "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and whether or not Dopey is likely to become as big a star as Donald Duck. He knows that there are certain vital rules about animated cartoons, one that forbids real harm coming to any animal, even a villain, which has been individualized. He will say too that anything can be made likeable, even a spider. There's rather a cute spider in "Snow White." He's sure that, if he wanted to try, he could turn a snake into a hero.

There's usually both simplicity and vital-



Living up to the title of their co-starring film, we have, above, Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a close-up from "Having a Wonderful Time."

ity in these directors, from that ex-engineer, Clarence Brown, flying all about the country in his own plane when he's not directing such Greta Garbo pictures as "Anna Christie," "Romance," and "Conquest," to Frank Lloyd, who runs a small ranch in between such films as "Maid of Salem" and "Wells Fargo." Frank Lloyd, born in Scotland of English parents, is now fascinated with American history.

Over in Europe the directors are even more colorful. There's Alfred Hitchcock, that rotund gourmet whose hobby is time-tables. He can ask questions quicker than any interviewer. He wants to know about everything, the tiniest detail of American life. His avid curiosity has taken him all over Europe, to the most unexpected corners of the Balkans, but it has never gotten him over here. He has not yet had enough time away from such thrillers as "39 Steps" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much," to collect all the American timetables and recipes he wants.

Rene Clair, French, dapper, and possessed of an English vocabulary that revolves around the word "scram," is also curious about America, curious enough to come to New York but not to stay in Hollywood. He made "The Ghost Goes West" in England, and he's making another there now.

If you talk to Norman Taurog, that genial roly-poly, you'll talk about children, his own and those he has discovered or directed, from his wife's nephew, Jackie Cooper, to small Tom Kelly of the Bronx, the latest *Tom Sawyer*. If you wander out on Archie Mayo's set, you'll spend an hour laughing.

William K. Howard, working now in London because he tired of Hollywood studio politics, is an expert at melodrama, and describes it as a situation where somebody wants something and someone else doesn't want him to get it. Anatole Litvak, of "Tovarich," is solemn about his directing, he doesn't like jokes on his set, even when making a comedy; he insists upon silence. Recently married to the gay and bubbling Miriam Hopkins, he remains one of the most serious men in Hollywood.

It was Cecil B. DeMille who said he begged his actors not to try picking out stories for themselves. A star could always see a part, he said, but never a play. Perhaps that's why it is the directors, a colorful lot in themselves, are the ones who give the best picture Hollywood. There's Henry Hathaway, who was a child actor at six and a second assistant director at the age of twelve. There's Raoul Walsh, who used to be a matinee idol, and Robert Z. Leonard, whose second cousin was Lillian Russell. Rouben Mamoulian, born in Tiflis, had years of directing opera before he ever saw Hollywood. Edward H. Griffith was a newspaperman.

They're conscious of no glamor, these hard-working men, not about themselves anyway. They leave that to the stars, letting them weigh each word or worry lest a careless word prejudice their public. The directors, quick-witted Lubitsch, Henry King who looks more like a bank president and talks like a college professor, the stormy petrel, Fritz Lang of "Fury," these are the ones who see the play as well as the part. It's Leo McCarey who can tell you that Ralph Bellamy didn't want to play comedy until he danced in "The Awful Truth" and that he now doesn't want to do anything else. It's Frank Lloyd who can tell you the excitement of making "Mutiny on the Bounty" and Sidney Franklin, quiet and scholarly, who knows all about the complications of "The Good Earth."

They may not have glamor, that unreal atmosphere with which the stars conscientiously try to surround themselves. But they're grand company—and they are Hollywood.



Richard Arlen, now appearing in Columbia's "No Time to Marry."

Richard Arlen

DRIES A LADY'S TEARS



"ON A RECENT FLIGHT from the East, I heard a girl across the aisle confiding her troubles to the plane's stewardess . . .



"SHE HAD LOST her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn't believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .



"ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well dressed, she had let unsightly, rough, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men — even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .



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If you want to look ten years younger in ten days start with Barbo today.

Joan, Dick & Co.

Continued from page 31

He was waiting patiently for his mother's return. "Oh, yes, the baby," said Joan guiltily. "Why, I just wrote God a little note and said please send us a little boy or a little girl."

"Huh," said Normie. "That's the way you talk to Santa Claus." And realizing the value of a good exit line, he made it.

Fortunately for Joan she didn't have so much trouble explaining the facts of life to Mr. Powell Senior. But don't think it was done in one of those beautiful and tender love scenes which you have seen Miss Blondell and Mr. Powell do so many times on the screen. He didn't come upon her one day knitting little booties, and she didn't whisper whimsically in his ear. It came about thus. Dick was in a late afternoon rage. Everything had gone wrong at the studio that day, and the broadcast rehearsal had been lousy, and not only was he on a diet but it was about time for another "recession" to set in, and Mr. Powell was just about ready to eat nails. He was grouching about this and that over the phone to his agent while Joan serenely looked on. When he had hung up the receiver with a bang Mrs. Powell merely gave him a prop smile and icily remarked, "It is indeed a pity that there has to be another one like you around the house." And that, dear fans, is how the Powells do it without benefit of camera.

Of course right now what fatherhood means to Dick Powell is a new house, and planning a new house always makes Dick happy. There doesn't seem to be a room they can use for the nursery in the home they have now. Dick wants to sell the house and build a "small" place in the hills—that is, he wants to do that on Mondays. "Dear," says Joan, "if you are going to build you must start soon or our baby will be born in a tent." But on Tuesdays, he has decided on a ranch, with a few horses and cattle, out in the Valley near the Stanwycks and the Taylors. "It's a beautiful knoll," says Dick dreamily, "and only twenty minutes from the studio." "It's a bump on the earth," says Joan who doesn't care for this back-to-the-earth movement, "and it's an hour from the studio." By Wednesdays Dick has decided to build an extra wing for the nursery on the house that they have now, and then while the workmen are there to have them knock down all the walls downstairs as he has always had a theory that one big room would be most effective. "But darling," says Joan, "you must get me a house with a wall around it and a gate or I won't have any fans left soon. I lost seven more of them today. I was late for the studio and was running like a mad woman to my car in the driveway when I tripped over a whole family from Iowa, parked right there on our lawn. I smiled, but they wanted to take pictures of me, and I was an hour late and had on old slacks so I said, 'Please don't,' and I think they got awfully furious. I can't afford to lose many more fans. You must get me a house with some privacy." So on Thursday Dick looked at beach houses.

On Friday, the "recession" set in again so the Powells didn't look at anything. Joan checked over the laundry bill, and Dick got a pencil and paper and figured out how much it cost for them to live a week. "We'll be in the poor house before we're forty," said Dick wearily. "Our poor children—We must begin to save so that they can have a college education. I think I'll cancel my order for my new shirts. Of course the ones that I am wearing now will soon be frayed around the edges. But I

must, I am obliged, think of my children."

"The price of meat has gone up," said Joan sadly. "I just talked to the butcher. I ordered hamburger for tonight."

"Ah, my little bride," said Dick. "You should not have to worry with the sordid details of living. You should read books, you should look at pretty pictures, and you should listen to lovely music. I read some place—"

"Yes," said Joan, "I read that chapter too."

The next day when Joan came home from the studio Dick threw his arms about her and led her lovingly into the living room. On the wall was hanging the most beautiful landscape painting she had ever seen. "It's a Corot," said Dick proudly. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Oh, Dick, it is," said Joan, "but Corots are terribly expensive. You must have paid fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for it."

"Yes," said Dick, "but I want you to look at pretty pictures."

Beauty with the Blues

Continued from page 51

ture, as something purely accidental and not worth mentioning. "Sure, I guess I was a good enough model, but I've always wanted to be a singer, with a good dance band. That's what's *really* fun."

Aha, I thought, so dawn is beginning to break. And break it did! During the remainder of the afternoon I listened to a story which, after taking my notes home and analyzing them, turned out to be so old—so very, very old that it's brand new! Especially for Hollywood. I'll pass it along to you and then you will understand why Dorothy Lamour almost had to be hog-tied and threatened with mayhem before she consented to a film career.

Along about 1933 Dorothy, as she has already mentioned, was a model in a large Chicago department store. All her friends and her boss and everybody said that she'd go far as a model. But she was unhappy, even as you and I. She yenned to be a singer.

And that was another thing. When Dorothy sang for her friends at private parties and the like everybody readily agreed that she had a remarkably beautiful voice, but then, you know—why quit a good job—why take a chance and that sort of chatter was about all the encouragement she ever got. At least, until one night when she and a party of friends went dancing at the Morrison Hotel. Now, at the Morrison they have a Feature Night—that is, if you're present and happen to have any talent at all you're almost sure to be called upon to do a number—any kind of a number, whatever you do best. Well, what happened was that somebody in Dorothy's party tipped off Herbie Kay, the orchestra leader, that there was a girl present who had a "simply terrific voice." Naturally, with Dot practically busting to sing, the band leader didn't have to plead very hard to get her to sing a number with the orchestra.

And, my breathless public, that night history was made! Herbie Kay, without even laying down his baton, promptly hired her as featured soloist with his great dance aggregation and the next day Dorothy calmly walked into Marshall Field's and quit.

Now, right about at this point is where the plot thickens, noticeably. For a whole year Dorothy sang with the band in and around Chicago—rehearsed and worked and rehearsed some more and in general was having the most fun she'd had in all

her nineteen years. It didn't seem possible that things could get any better, or that life could be any sweeter. But little did she know!

She fell in love with her boss.

"It was the darndest thing!" Dorothy explained, her eyes beginning to glow with a not-of-this-earth fire. "Herbie was driving me home one night after work and we stopped at one of those drive-in stands. Well, we were just sort of sitting there waiting while they fried the hamburgers—you know, kind of dreaming and watching the moon over Lake Michigan and then by gosh! you know what happened?"

Dorothy's mounting excitement was getting in its dirty work and she had me sitting on the edge of my chair—it was downright dramatic the way she was telling an otherwise commonplace happening.

"Go on," I begged. "What happened then?" At this point Dorothy's excitement gave way to an—well, an ethereal look is the only word for it.

"Well, all of a sudden we happened to look at each other and—and that's all there was to it. We were in love, just like that! Isn't that crazy? After working together and being in constant association for over a year we had to go to a hamburger stand to discover we were in love."

"And then did you—?" I began.

"Of course," Dorothy said. "There wasn't any point in stalling around about it so we were married—right away." And Dorothy still had that look in her eyes when I left, an hour later.

So she married her boss and went walking around the streets of Chicago about three feet above the pavement and mentally pitied all the rest of the poor people because they couldn't possibly feel the way she did. And Herbie was just as bad, maybe even worse.

And then, with a dull "crunch!", the



Rochelle Hudson and Jane Withers in "Gypsy," Jane's new starring film.

blow fell. Besides singing with her husband's orchestra in the evenings she was also working on the NBC Shell Show, and making quite a large impression, too. Then, with an utter disregard for Dorothy's heart, the radio show moved out to Hollywood.

"That's perfectly okay with me," said Dot to Herbie. "I'd rather stay in Chicago with you. I'll quit."

"Oh, no, you won't," said friend spouse. "You're going out to Hollywood where the big money is."

And Dorothy said, "Why, the very idea! And leave you here by yourself just when we've been married and everything? Don't be silly!"

But Herbie Kay knew a "break" when he saw one and so, despite Dorothy's tearful pleading to be allowed to remain at

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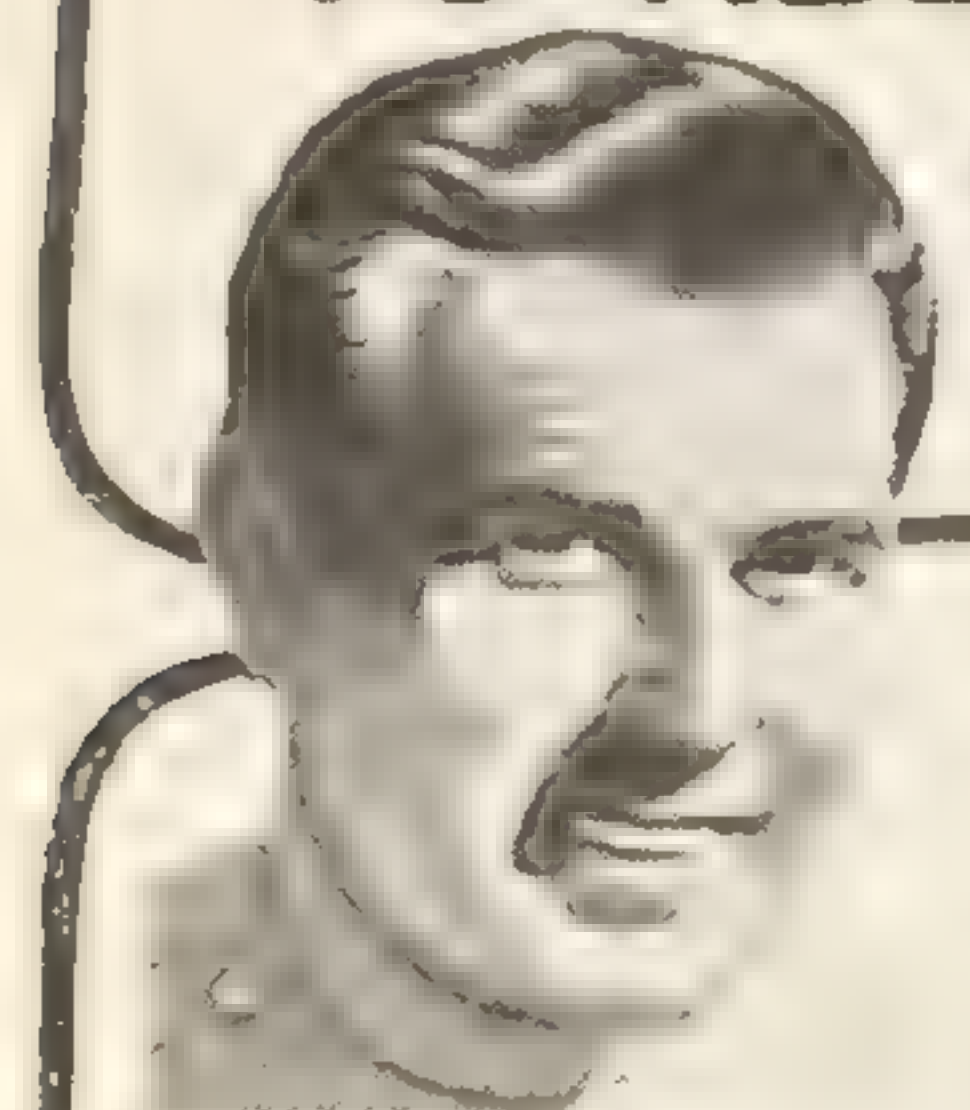
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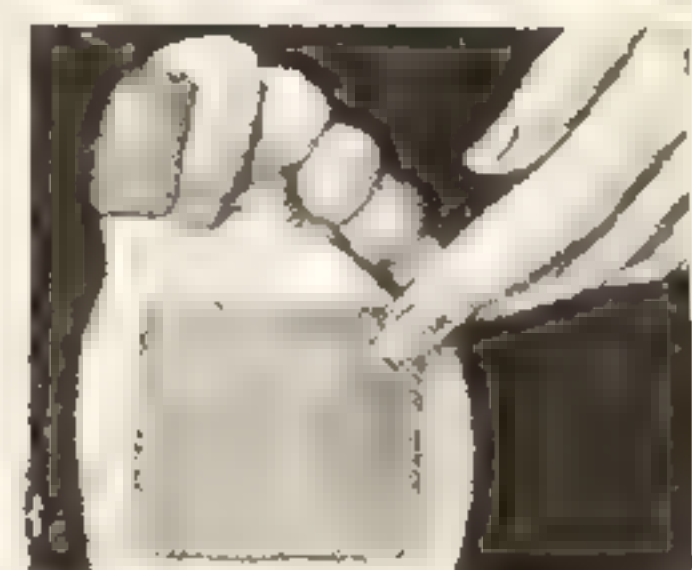
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home, he packed her off to Hollywood to see if his hunch wouldn't work out.

There followed long anguished months of separation with daily letters, telegrams, and phone calls from both sides of the continent, and finally Herbie gave in and said okay, we're going on tour and you can meet me in Denver.

But when Dorothy arrived in Denver and was having a swell time alternately laughing and crying with joy at seeing her husband again, Herbie said, "Here's a telegram for you—came just before you got here." And when Dorothy read it and then tried to laugh it off as something of no importance Mr. Kay was, naturally, quite interested. Maybe even a little jealous.

"Oh, it's nothing," his wife assured him. "Nothing at all." But when Herbie commenced to look stern and husbandly Dorothy had to tell him. "Well, you see," she began, with foreboding in her heart, "just before I caught the train I had to take a screen test. I didn't want to—honest, I didn't. But Paramount insisted and insisted and finally I gave in to get rid of them. And they took so long they almost made me miss the train."

Herbie, of course, was thrilled to death and demanded to hear more of the details of the test, but Dorothy was vague about the whole thing and said she hadn't waited to find out how it had turned out. Can you tie that? And when Herbie finally had to take the telegram away from her by sheer masculine force Dorothy broke right down and cried because she knew darned well what was going to happen.

Yes, the telegram was from Paramount studios demanding she return to Hollywood immediately to begin work on a picture. Herbie yipped with joy and Dorothy wailed with sorrow while Mr. Kay put Mrs. Kay right back on the next train to California. Without even giving her time to get acquainted with her husband again or to sing just one song with the band.

And that's the way "Jungle Princess" happened to be made. By pleading and coaxing and regular reprimands from Herbie Kay, who feared that his wife might ruin her splendid chances at any moment, if he didn't make regular visits to Hollywood between engagements, by walking out and catching the first plane headed east.

Cooperating, the studio saw to it that there was little time between pictures for Dorothy to get lonesome, by giving her a full schedule that included such pictures as "Swing High, Swing Low," "The Last Train From Madrid," "High, Wide, and Handsome," and her starring rôle in "The Hurricane." That not being enough for one year, you will be seeing Dorothy in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1938," "College Swing," and "Her Jungle Lover," which is a follow up on her first picture.

At this writing Dorothy has just returned from her first visit to Chicago since she left there two years ago, where Herbie and his orchestra are appearing. And as if that weren't enough Dorothy has again shocked studio officials by serving them with the notice that in another eleven months, she is retiring from the screen for one year to raise a family.

"I want to enjoy my children while I am young," is Dorothy's only explanation, of what the studio considers very strange antics from a star.

But Dorothy has proved to Paramount she is in dread earnest for they have gone ahead and planned as many pictures as possible in that length of time, starting with "Tropic Holiday." But if husband Herbie Kay doesn't keep up those regular visits to this immediate vicinity, she's likely to walk out ahead of time. After all Dorothy Lamour is still very much in love with her boss.



Frances Mercer, RKO starlet, recruited from stage and radio.

Stooge to a Wooden Wit

Continued from page 61

fair complexion. He is five feet ten inches tall and has the sort of charming personality that attracts the ladies. But, somehow, he has always been too busy raising his wooden offspring, preparing his routines and writing his scripts to have much time left for romantic adventures.

Little did Edgar Bergen realize when he hewed Charlie McCarthy from a chunk of wood that he was relegating himself to the position of stooge to a wooden wisecracker who would soon become the reigning sensation of the entertainment world.

Dummy though he is, Charlie gets as much loving care as the Dionne Quintuplets. Father, valet, masseur and make-up artist is Edgar Bergen, famed ventriloquist who is solely responsible for Charlie's existence. No one else is permitted to handle him and even the wardrobe department has to measure him under Bergen's ever watchful eye. But there is a reason for this. Charlie cannot be duplicated. So many of the best woodcarvers the world over have tried to catch the exact expression that is responsible for Charlie McCarthy's appeal. All have failed. And every time Bergen commissions another artist to try his hand, the same result is effected and Charlie is guarded with even greater care.

Should Charlie ever be kidnapped by gangsters, they could easily demand the largest ransom in the world—and probably collect, too. But even then they would be subject to prosecution by the United States Government for Charlie is protected by Uncle Sam more rigidly than many ordinary citizens. Until now there has been no great need for a special bodyguard because Bergen carries Charlie with him wherever he goes in a torn, battered suitcase that would easily deceive the average person as to the precious contents. But even if Charlie were kidnapped, he would serve the thief no better purpose than keeping a fire going for an hour or two. Just as *Trilby* was useless without *Svengali*, so Charlie is speechless without Bergen.

So important is Charlie McCarthy that his birth records are kept in the Government files in Washington. The "birth records" of the hunk of pine to which Edgar Bergen has given such startling animation are the documents that patent, register,

copyright and trademark Charlie. Even Shirley Temple does not enjoy the distinction of such exclusive protection.

Whenever Charlie opens his mouth to flirt with Andrea Leeds, Myrna Loy or Carole Lombard, the movement is protected against imitation. Even Charlie's name cannot be used in vain without incurring the wrath of Uncle Sam.

Since his recent advent in films, he has gone a long way from those days seventeen years ago when he was a ragged, arrogant urchin with a single shabby suit to his name. Today, he is considered one of the best-dressed men in Hollywood and owns as many changes of clothes as any of the leading men. For his sartorial grandeur, he is indebted to Samuel Goldwyn. When Goldwyn learned that Charlie possessed but the single dress suit he constantly wore, orders were given to equip him with the best wardrobe available. Conferences and consultations resulted in the creation of one of the most enviable wardrobes in the entire film colony.

Charlie's clothes are always custom tailored and he prides himself that no one else can wear them as well as he. "Even Bergen can't wear my hats," he says, "which proves that our success didn't make any difference to me."

In addition to his white tie and tails, Charlie now boasts several business suits, sport outfits, a dinner jacket and the one bit of apparel he has wanted for many years—a genuine camel hair polo coat with a belt that ties in front. "Now," he cracks, "no one can mistake me for anything but an actor."

Before he faces the battery of cameras, Charlie goes through an elaborate process of make-up and as much time and effort is spent on the improvement of his appearance as on any flesh and blood actor. His hair is briskly shampooed and the red, tousled locks are carefully combed and slicked down. His fingers are manicured with a wooden file and every few weeks he gets a complete new coat of lacquer that makes him glisten with radiant newness. No sissy is Charlie, but for art's sake he endures a touch of eye shadow and a bit of lip rouge and admits it works wonders when the final photographic effects are produced. The last touch—a little polish on his shoes—and he is ready to face the discriminating cameras with the ease of a well-groomed man. But—oh-oh, Charlie's been talking out of turn again, so Edgar has to put an out-of-joint jaw back where it belongs with a pair of pliers.

Although all the girls cry for him and the boys think him a regular guy, Charlie has basked in the spotlight of fame without a single threat of an imitator.

"This is very rare," explains Bergen, "but there's a very good reason. Charlie's enigmatic personality cannot be reproduced by any woodcarver. Every attempt has been made to duplicate him but none has been successful. Because of this, Charlie now has a stand-in like all other stars and this prevents him from suffering the glaring lights that take the starch out of most actors while the preliminary preparations are being made to "shoot" the scenes. In addition, Charlie is heavily insured and should anything happen to him his beneficiary will be well reimbursed for the loss.

Some people may call Charlie McCarthy a dummy, but he isn't so dumb. On occasions his sharp tongue even outwits Edgar Bergen, who, as Charlie will tell you, is really a clever chap. Of course, he couldn't say otherwise because it was Bergen who took Charlie when he was nothing but an idea and made him what he is today.

Together, the two have gone a long way from traveling all over the world in second rate vaudeville to big-time circuits—from vaudeville to swanky night clubs, to radio

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and finally to the top of all entertainment levels—the motion pictures. Featured in "The Goldwyn Follics," they're practically sitting on top of the world now, and Charlie says there's no place like it providing he's resting on Edgar Bergen's knee.

Charlie often confesses that he was conceived in the kitchen of the Bergen home when Edgar was just sticking around watching his ma make her famous pies. Just for a joke, Eddie made one of the pies murmur "Hello! Hello!" as it was being removed from the oven. Mrs. Bergen looked at the pies suspiciously, not being a superstitious woman, she was a little annoyed rather than frightened. The only other person in the room was Edgar and she knew his voice too well to make any mistake about it.

"I did it!" Eddie finally burst out. "I made that noise, mother. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, don't let me catch you playing those tricks again." And Eddie didn't—not in his mother's kitchen—for he soon discovered that instead of being reprimanded for his ventriloquism, people were actually willing to pay money to hear it.

It was shortly after discovering his ability that Bergen got the idea for creating Charlie McCarthy, a real dummy who would be the attraction of his art. The inspiration was a little street-urchin newsboy with an impish face and bright red hair from whom the Bergen family often purchased their newspapers. With his wooden associate, Eddie started out to earn money even while he was still attending Lakeview High School. On Saturday afternoons, he entertained the children in the old Victoria Theatre in Chicago between serials. During the summer vacations, he worked in Chautauqua and his success as an entertainer stimulated his desire for a theatrical career. But there was one thing that bothered him. He wanted to go to college and it almost seemed as if he would have to postpone his career until he got his degree.

But good old Charlie McCarthy came to his master's rescue. Bergen found that his dummy was a sensation on the campus and the students always invited him to all the college functions providing he bring Charlie. Soon Charlie not only became the most popular personality on the Northwestern campus but was greatly in demand at all sorts of theatricals and entertainments and was chiefly responsible for earning enough money to see Bergen through college. Charlie himself will tell you if it were not for him, Bergen would never have been able to graduate. And Charlie, incidentally, is the only dummy in the whole world who can boast of having gone to college for Eddie often took him to classes when he had to play an engagement.

After the pair left Northwestern, they travelled widely on a circuit that took them through every state in the Union and later to London and the Continent. But on their return to the United States, they were confronted with the disheartening news that vaudeville, because of the sudden popularity of talking pictures, was breathing its last. For a while they led a hand-to-mouth existence. Engagements were few and far between and it looked like the future for ventriloquists was doomed. Then came that climactic night of Elsa Maxwell's party which was followed by radio engagements and night club appearances. When an offer came to open at the swanky Rainbow Room in Radio City, Bergen had a terrific case of jitters wondering how the cream of society would take him. Engaged for a single week, he remained to break all existing records of the famous rendezvous. His next stop was Hollywood—all the picture companies were clamoring for him—and he signed so many

contracts that the work will keep him busy for many months to come.

Right now Charlie McCarthy is a bit dizzy after making his first feature film. His wooden head is reeling with the haunting images of lovely faces, intoxicating bodies and slender, dancing legs. But Charlie thinks the effects of love are too fleeting to have any lasting impression on his wooden heart. Instead, he is concentrating on the public's reaction to his singing in the picture.

Bergen admits that Charlie is one of the very few people who can actually brag of a bona fide family tree and will even tell you where the tree grew. But on most occasions, he is too shy and retiring to talk very much himself. He lets Charlie assume the rôle of spokesman for the pair, confessing that the wooden whiz does a much better job of it.

He will tell you he envies Charlie for his frank, outspoken manner and his brilliant repartee, but there is no doubt that Charlie is merely the other half of the real Bergen, the half that says the many things the soft spoken Eddie would never have the nerve to utter. The quiet, young Swede from Chicago has merely created a personality of wood that receives fan mail by the truckload. He has developed his brain child into a being whose name is familiar to every man, woman and child in the country and there is even some rumor of putting Charlie up for President at the next election.

The impish, freckle-faced dummy can do and say anything and get away with it. He isn't afraid of anyone or anything. He makes the sages of Hollywood go speechless with his dazzling comebacks and witty remarks. He parries them with withering wisecracks that would ordinarily demand a "smile-when-you-say-that" expression.

What Should Claire Trevor Do?

Continued from page 55

from foolish expenditures. When she told me she lived simply I was a trifle skeptical. But when she inventoried one servant, one car, one dog, and no tennis court or swimming pool, I began to believe her.

She likes small parties of six or eight, dancing under the stars, Fred Allen's comedy, and champagne cocktails. She admires Ronald Colman, Schiaparelli, Katharine Cornell and Mickey Mouse. The swing to Donald Duck and the Seven Dwarfs, she thinks, just indicates the fickleness of man.

In common with many another stellar body (Kay Francis and Brian Aherne, for example) Claire dislikes the lack of private life that accompanies a career in pictures. She hates to be stared at, phoned to by strangers,肘ed for autographs, and harassed by reporters. She understands that she has let herself in for all this, but still she doesn't accept it.

Recently a fellow player, Walter Winchell, broadcast of a Sabbath evening that she was on her way east "to marry a wealthy New Yorker." As a result the press camped on her doorstep, followed her on all excursions, no matter how personal, and pestered her for a Statement whenever she so much as put her foot outside the door. "I'm not getting married," said Claire. "I wish they'd believe it and let me alone."

"Of course, when you're working in a picture you can't call your soul your own. Sunday's a holiday, sure. But suppose someone invites you on a yachting party. Congenial crowd, lovely weather, change of

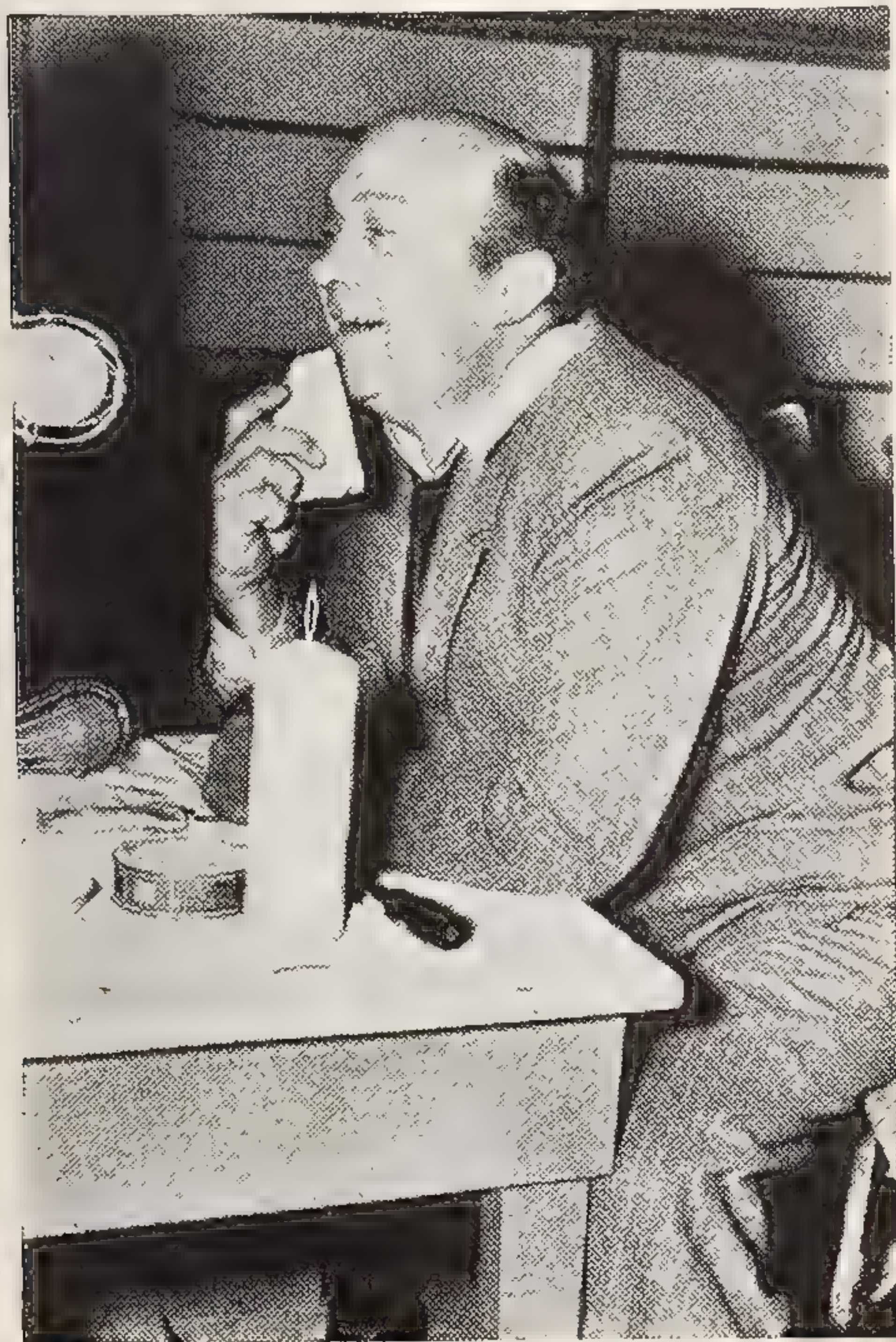
scene—can you go? I should say not. Not when you have to be on the set, made up, at nine o'clock Monday morning. Yachting parties don't break up at ten p.m., you know. And the camera will make no allowances. It catches every little bitty satchel under your eyes. It high lights every frown line picked up from squinting at the sun. It even ferrets out that morning-after slightly tired look in your eyes. So what? you ask. So you don't go anywhere while you're making an epic. And in my case," added Claire, "it's all the more annoying because they're never even baby epics."

Twice in her brief but crowded career she thought she was escaping from routine pictures, graduating into grade A super-doopers. First in "To Mary with Love," with Loy, Baxter, and Hunter, Claire more than held up her end of the quadrangle. But the Front Office didn't hear tell of it. A year or two later there was the chance to do *Francey* in "Dead End." Again the Trevor talents came into play, but after the cheers of the preview audience had died away, she was promptly scheduled to do "Big Town Girl." In this picture, incidentally, Claire showed her versatility by switching from the usual ingénue to a zingy French chanteuse. But it was still a B, from any angle.

The problem confronting her is whether to tear up her contract and freelance, or whether to go on grinding out program pictures. There's the possibility of marriage, too. Claire said she would marry the right man tomorrow. But she hardly thinks he will be connected with pictures.

If fact and diplomacy fail, Claire might go temperamental. "Maybe if I start throwing my makeup box into the arcs or tripping supervisors or barring the press from my set, I'll be recognized as ze arteeste," she grinned. "I'll play any part, go through and privation, to get into a good picture, carefully made—the kind that makes you give all you've got."

When you analyze it all, you decide that Claire wants to get married to somebody with economic security and a sense of humor, not in pictures. She will be a good housewife, she says, and playing before the camera will never again divert her attention—unless an awfully socky part comes along just begging for that Trevor personality. So there you have it. Effervescent, lovely blonde star wants to forsake career for matrimony. Gentlemen, the line forms on the left!



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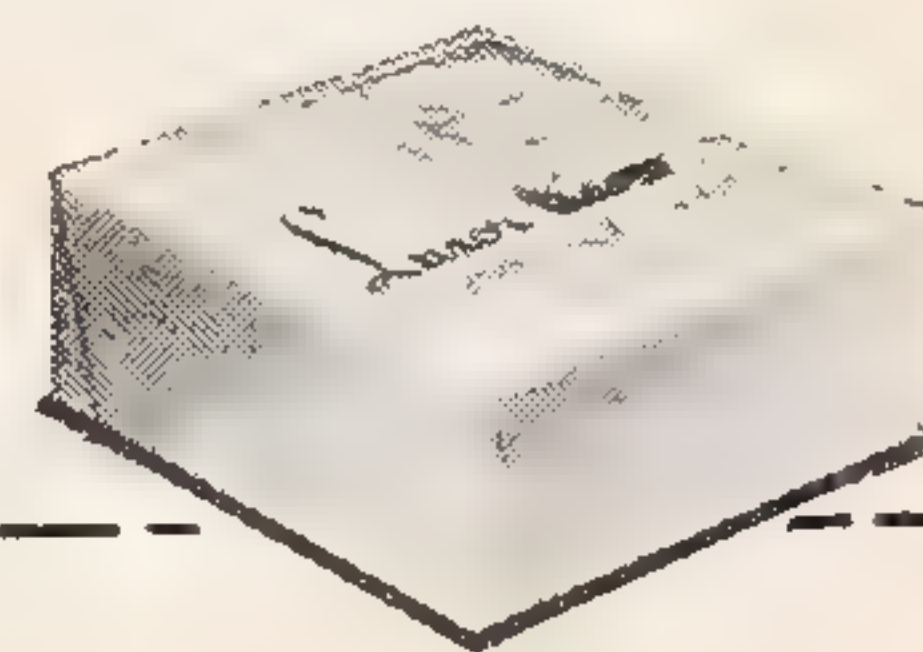
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Even Snakes Have Charm

Continued from page 19

a heavy iron conical shaped disk.

On the stage were two chairs of the director type. On one chair was painted the name Miss Barrett and on the other Mr. Swing.

Marcia hesitated as she saw the electrician seated in the Barrett chair. She watched him with a strange tenseness as he bit into a sandwich and drank from a bottle of milk. She may as well have been elsewhere so far as he was concerned.

"Is this the Swing set?" she asked.

"Right." He went on eating as he calmly and dispassionately looked her over.

"It's the picture in which Miss Barrett is working?"

"Right."

"Where is everybody?"

"Lunch."

"Lunch," she echoed, with a little catch in her voice, "Oh yes, of course—lunch."

"Right." He chewed on, surveying her shrewdly.

"What's that you're eating?" she asked casually.

"Sandwich."

"Really!"

"Fried ham and egg filling," he amended, not wishing to seem too unsociable.

"Mmm. It looks good."

"Not bad."

"Let me taste it," she said with a desperate attempt at lightness.

He looked at her with opened mouth, bits of unmasticated food plainly visible. "Huh!"

"Don't be stingy," she urged, still trying to affect a gay, careless note.

"Well, I be damn." He handed her the sandwich.

She took a generous bite and returned the sandwich. Chewing vigorously she looked at the bottle of milk. "It's a bit dry," she said.

He gave her the bottle of milk. She took a deep drink and returned the bottle.

"Listen, sister," he said with a new interest, "are you being democratic, or are you just plain hungry?"

"Just plain and fancy hungry."

"Well, I be damn!" He reached into his pocket and brought out some change. "Here, take this fifteen cents and grab off a cup of coffee and a sandwich."

Marcia gave him a bitter smile. "Thanks, but I refuse to be kept."

"Kept!" he exclaimed with grim humor, "Say what sort of a louse do you think I am? I give my kept women a quarter."

"You're generous that way."

"Sure. Better take the fifteen cents."

"Oh no, thank you, I'll be all right. I get a five dollar check for today's work and then I'll eat—oh God how I'll eat! I may even swallow the whole five at one sitting."

"Here, finish this sandwich and the milk."

"Really!"

"Right."

She took the sandwich and started wolfing it down. "You don't seem at all surprised, seeing a hungry woman in the studio."

"Me surprised! My God, I ain't had a surprise since my wife borned a blonde baby."

Marcia smiled. "Is your wife's hair black too?"

"Yeah, jet."

"Well, that is something of a coincidence."

"I wish I knew," he said grimly as he



Lynn Roberts
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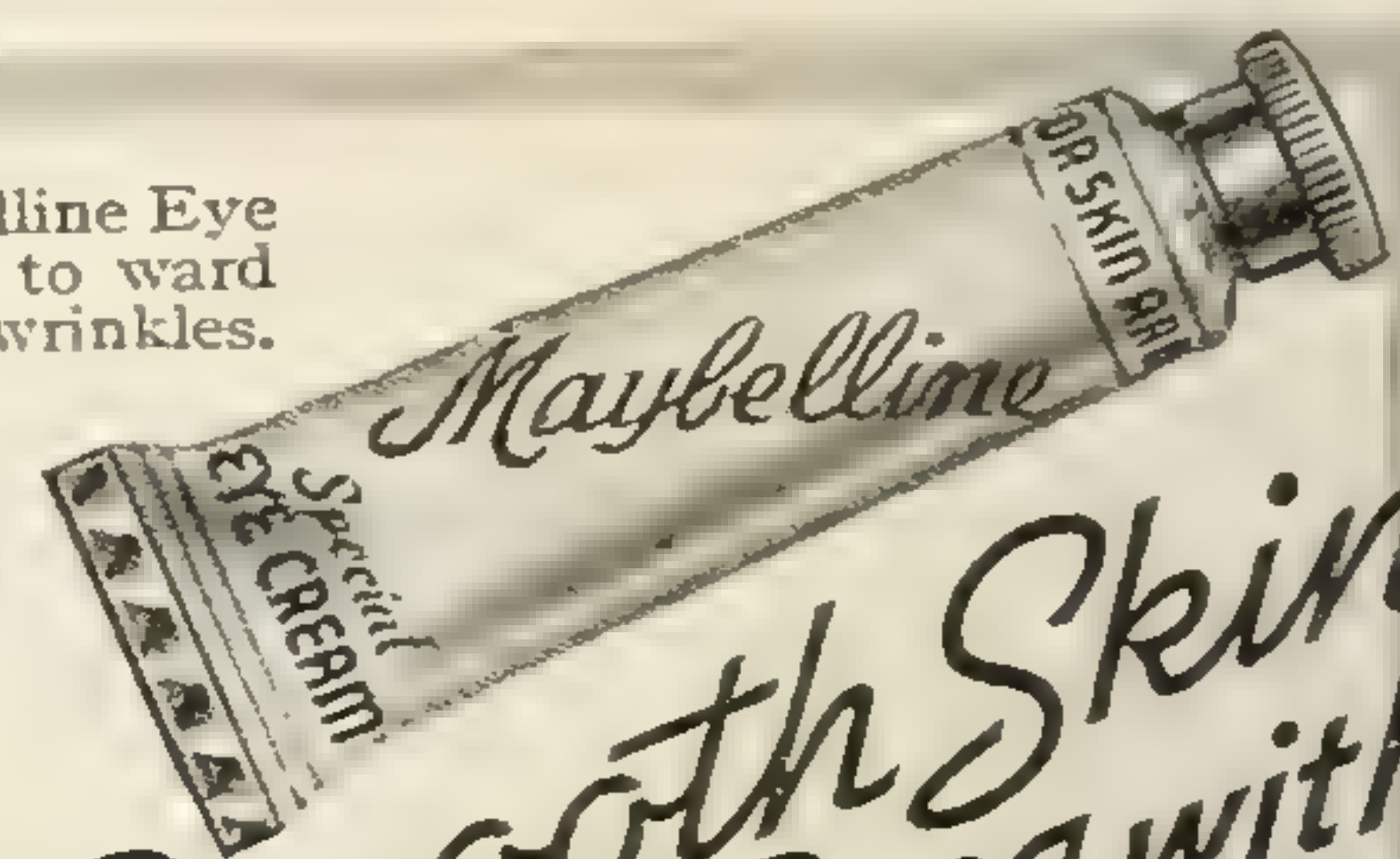


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Phylis Welch, Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

rose. "Got to go out and hunt up a cable before the crew gets back."

"I'm awfully obliged to you."

"It's okay, sister, I'll be seeing you on the set."

"And you won't tell anyone I'm hungry?"

"Forget it. I been hungry myself."

Marcia smiled at him gratefully. "So long."

She began moving about slowly, sandwich in one hand, milk bottle in the other, as she swept the set with disapproving eyes.

Downing the last of the milk she placed the bottle on the floor at the base of a sun arc, then hastily swallowed the last bit of sandwich as she heard someone coming on the stage. Her body stiffened as she recognized Anne Barrett.

Anne came in slowly — she was just strolling about. A gracious English gentlewoman, she moved with a regal ease. She was tall, black haired, queenly—a person with rare poise. She gave a little start as she saw someone else on the set, then smiled with casual friendliness. "Hello."

"It's so kind of you to speak to me," Marcia replied, amusedly bitter.

"Kind?" Then Anne gave a glad start. "Why, it's Marcia Court!"

Marcia smiled mockingly. "The great English actress, Anne Barrett, patronizingly greets the lowly American extra girl." "Patronizingly?"

"There's no other word for the manner in which the star addresses the extra!"

"Are you sure it isn't only in the mind of the extra?" Anne asked.

"No! It's sticking out all over you. It's the sporting thing to do. It wouldn't be cricket to snub the poor little extra girl."

Anne gave a sad little smile. "You haven't changed much, Marcia."

"No, I am still an extra."

"I mean you are still filled with bitterness and resentment," Anne explained, not unkindly.

"Not to mention disgust and contempt," Marcia snapped.

"Why do you resent my success?"

"I don't—I resent the way you got it."

"Are you perhaps suggesting scandal?" Anne asked in gentle amusement.

"Not sexual scandal. You English are too cold for that. I'm speaking of the scandal of patriotism—or rather its lack."

"I don't understand."

"You got where you are today because you are a foreigner," Marcia said cruelly,

"because you are of the snobbishly superior English, with your broad a and regal manner that Hollywood is so mad about."

"I hoped that ability might have had something to do with it," Anne said gently.

"You know it didn't! You can't act. I have more ability in my little finger than you have in your entire makeup."

"Perhaps that's true," Anne agreed quietly. "But I'm afraid you'll never have a chance to put that ability to the test until you learn to be more gracious."

"Ah! A lesson in deportment from the grand English lady. But mark you this, Anne Barrett, I'll be a great star when you're back in the extra ranks where you belong."

"Well!" Anne gasped, then becoming more composed, continued generously, "At any rate I hope you do become a great star."

Marcia laughed harshly. "Oh, do you!"

"Yes, of course. And if it will make you any happier to know it, I'm going home. This will be my last picture in America for some time."

"You really are returning to England?"

Marcia asked with grudging wistfulness.

"To London. I'm to make a picture for Lawrence Stewart."

"He's the English ace director, isn't he?"

"Yes," Anne smiled softly. "It should be fun. We're old friends—grew up together."

"Kid sweethearts," Marcia ventured.

Annie smiled faintly. "Something like that."

"Well, I suppose that now when you have a start and plenty of money, you're glad to get away from bourgeois Hollywood and its crude Americans."

"No. I like Hollywood tremendously, and I love Americans. I'd even like you if you'd let me."

"That's just a pose," Marcia said scornfully.

"No, it's quite honest. And I'd be glad to speak a word to Swing about giving you extra work."

"Extra work indeed! Thanks for the crumbs, but I'll not be having any. And I can assure you I shouldn't have appeared on your set at all if it hadn't been most urgent."

"I'm so sorry," Anne said sadly. "I wish you'd let me help you."

"No doubt you do," Marcia flung at her bitterly. "I suppose this is your extreme triumph, that having once worked extra with me, you find it amusing and gratifying to your vanity to play Lady Bountiful."

"I wasn't conscious of any feeling of superiority," Anne said, gently forgiving.

"You aren't enough of an actress to hide your feelings, Anne Barrett! Besides, you English take little or no trouble to conceal your contempt for the Americans. You come over here with your tongues in your cheeks and go home laughing, but taking our good money with you—money that should have gone to American artists."

"You seem to forget," Anne said patiently, "that a great many American artists have been making pictures in London, for which they have been paid in good English pounds." Marcia had no answer for this except a stubborn silence. "So don't you think the friendly attitude would be to simply regard it as a fair exchange of talents and, if you must, money?"

Before Marcia could answer, Walter Swing, the director, came in with his assistant director, property boy, script girl and electricians. In his late thirties, Swing was big, dark and handsome in a slightly brutish manner.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Barrett. All ready for the take?"

"No, Mr. Swing, I'm sorry. I just came by to see the set. But I'll run over to my dressing room and hurry back. It won't take long."

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"No hurry," Swing said with gruff affability, "There are only two shots and then we'll be through for the day."

"That's fine," Anne said, starting out. "Good bye, Marcia."

Marcia only glared after Anne without response as she started slowly across the stage. The assistant director having seen Anne greet Marcia, became ingratiating.

"You're a friend of Miss Barrett?"

"No," Marcia said coldly.

The young fellow immediately became officious, in the manner of his ilk. "Then what are you doing on this set?"

"I was engaged as an extra," Marcia informed him in a tone that made him shiver.

"Oh! Name?"

"Marcia Court."

He consulted a slip. "Okay, now please get off the set and stay off until you're called."

Marcia left slowly, in sullen fury as Phil Burns was coming in. Phil was in his late thirties, good looking, a smart dresser after a careless fashion; keen, studio-hard and wise. He had a glib tongue, a tremendous amount of nervous energy and great personal magnetism. Phil had been around and knew all the answers.

"Hi, Walter, how's the old megger?"

"Hello, Phil," Walter said, scarcely looking up.

Phil sat himself comfortably in Barrett's chair, glanced at the set with a sardonic grin, then smirked at Swing.

"Ha! The good old reliable staircase set-up. I suppose Barrett, in velvet gown, will make the grand entrance?"

"You guessed it, smart guy," Walter replied wearily.

"She better concern herself with making a graceful exit—from pictures."

"Oh, Anne's a good scout," Swing said carelessly.

"Sure she is. But she isn't a good actress, and the dear public is fed up with paying good money to see good scouts with nothing to recommend them but snooty English mannerisms and broad a diction. They want something more vitally American."

"Yeah, I know what you mean—something with whoopee—Indian pictures."

"You louse," Phil said good naturedly.

"Personally, I can stand a good deal of English restraint."

"The trouble is it seems to be such a bore at the box office."

"Perhaps we need a few good publicity men to sell it to the public." Walter was casually insulting.

But Phil was unruffled. "The best publicity man in the world couldn't make box office draw out of Anne Barrett."

"And how would you know?"

"Because I'm the second best."

"Sweet modesty! And who might the first be?"

"Oh hell," Phil grinned, "I was just being magnanimous—you know, giving the fraternity a break. But things have changed in this publicity racket. In the old days a smart publicity man could do a lot to make a star. But today the public selects its own stars. And all the ballyhoo in the world can't sell anyone for more than two pictures unless the actor can deliver."

"Say, what the hell started all this?" Swing demanded irritably.

"How the hell should I know?"

"Ready any time, Mr. Swing," the black haired electrician called.

"All right Sam, call your extras on the set."

"Okay." Sam went out right as Anne Barrett came in left.

"We're ready, Miss Barrett," Swing said, "if you will please go to the top of the steps and make your entrance from the left archway. Now, all there is to this shot is your descending the stairs, rather ultra, ultra, you know. We'll have a small group

of extras at the bottom of the steps, watching and awaiting your arrival. There are no lines and the scene cuts just before you reach the bottom step. But remember, this is to be the stairway entrance to end all stairway entrances."

Anne smiled faintly. "I understand." She gathered her train in hand and started up the stairs. The assistant director returned with seven extras, four men and three women, Marcia among them.

"Place three at one newel post, Sam, and four on the other side. They are chatting casually as Miss Barrett enters and starts down the steps. At her approach they cease talking and watch her."

"Okay, Mr. Swing. All right, gang, snap into it."

Sam grouped his extras, giving them ad lib instructions, as Anne mounted the stairs to the landing and disappeared into the left archway.

"All ready for the shot," Swing said, "Come on, Miss Barrett; turn 'em over, boys."

Anne entered from the archway and started slowly down the steps. The extras at the foot of the stairs glanced up, ceased talking and watched her approach in the brightly dumb manner of extras watching a star. All but Marcia. She looked at Anne with that glacial stare. When Anne was half way down the stairs she tripped on her gown and fell in a heap, rolling on the steps. Above the confusion that followed there was a high shriek of hysterical laughter from Marcia. The assistant director and the extra men bounded up the steps to Anne's assistance. Swing jumped from his chair and started for the stairs. Anne was now on her feet, being assisted down the steps. Swing met her at the foot of the staircase.

"Are you hurt, Miss Barrett?"

"No, I don't think so; just badly shaken. But I'm afraid the gown is ruined."

"Oh, damn the gown if you're all right. I'll see you to your dressing room." He turned to the group. "The company is dismissed for the day. We'll shoot the scene in the morning. Everyone will please be on the set at nine." He paused and then said coldly and distinctly, "Everyone with the exception of the young lady who laughed." He stared at them sharply, "And who was that?"

"It was I," Marcia said with eager defiance.

"That was the most unforgivable breach of studio etiquette, to say nothing of an exhibition of bad manners, that I've ever encountered. Miss Barrett might have been badly injured. The assistant director will



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give you your check and I'll see to it that you never enter this studio again."

"Please, Walter," Anne said, "it was just hysteria. She didn't mean to be rude."

"Oh yes, I did!" Marcia said harshly. "And don't trouble yourself to intercede for me. I assure you I have no interest in ever coming to this or any other studio again." She turned slowly, deliberately, coolly unmoved as she dismissed her stunned audience from her mind, as if having committed lese-majeste and motion picture suicide all in one breath, were of no concern to her whatever.

Phil Burns stared after her with a new interest as she disappeared in the wings, then he hurried out. The company quickly dispersed, the electricians doused the lights with the exception of the utility lamp, and within a few moments the set was cleared and was much the same as when Marcia first entered.

When the stage was quite deserted Marcia entered, furtively, yet defiantly. When she was sure she was alone she crossed to the stairs and started up as Phil came in and paused in the protection of a flat where he could watch her without being seen.

Reaching the landing above Marcia disappeared into the archway for a moment, then made her entrance. She was very much in earnest as she essayed the grand lady descending the staircase, slowly, deliberately, even defiantly, as if daring her unseen audience to say that she was not to the manner born. Arriving at the bottom of the stairs she paused, relaxed and slipped into a chair and, for the first time, her defensive armor of bitter defiance left her and she was just a pathetic, defeated young girl with a tremendous urge to become a great actress.

Phil Burns drew in a deep breath. Phil was touched. And to touch Phil Burns! He stepped from behind the flat. Marcia was startled as she heard him coming. Then she looked at him with cold indifference, without any faintest show of interest. He paused beside her chair and stood looking down at her.

"You should have had an audience for that entrance."

"Apparently I did—an uninvited, detestable sneak!"

"Check," Phil calmly agreed, then with a wise smile, "Showing Barrett up?"

"Is that any of your business?"

"It might be," he said easily, "Why did you laugh when she fell?"

"Because I was amused."

"Oh! It is funny—another's misfortune."

"She's a cow!"

"And you are a gazelle?"

"If your pleasant remarks are leading to a dinner date, I don't date."

"Don't flatter yourself, young lady. If you think I'd insult good food by sitting across a table from that sour puss of yours, you're meaner than you look, and that's an order even you can't fill. However, I never allow discourtesy, bad manners, or even halitosis to interfere with business."

"Business?"

"Business. And from now on until death do us part don't for an instant imagine I have any remotest interest in you other than business. Is that plain?"

"All right," Marcia said wearily, "make your proposition; if I like it I'll take it on."

"Just like that!" Phil snapped.

"Just like that."

"I haven't a proposition; just an idea. And remember this, you aren't yet a star. God knows you'll be tough enough to handle if you ever arrive. All I want for the moment is your name and phone number, and if you have any pictures you can spare, leave them in my office, No. 26 Administration Building. And if you don't care to do that you can go to hell!"



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"Just like that!"
"Just like that."

Phil started away and then, for the first time, Marcia smiled—beautifully, apologetically. Phil stopped dead, staring at her as long as the smile held. It was sheer hypnotism where he was concerned. Then the smile whisked away and her face was again a mask, colder than before—in contrast to that smile. Phil shivered. "Did you smile?"

"No!"

He brushed his hand across his eyes. "I didn't think it could have been possible. What's your name?"

"I'm Hepburn."

"Listen, Hardpan, I asked you a simple question. What is your name?"

"Do you happen to be Mr. Baumberg?"

"No. But I do happen to be important enough to make it worth while for you to answer a civil question."

Marcia considered this for a moment. "Marcia Court."

"Were you born that?"

"I don't remember," she answered with crafty resentment.

"Oh, you don't remember, Miss Gillicudahy! Well, do you remember how old you are?"

"Twenty."

"How much do you weigh?"

"A hundred and fifteen pounds," Marcia snapped and rushed on in sarcastic singsong, "And I ride, play polo, golf, tennis; I'm an expert swimmer, I dance divinely, play the piano, harpsichord, sing, and I have a complete wardrobe suitable for any occasion."

"You forgot to add that you're a consummate damned liar. Stand up."

"Why?"

"Stand up!"

"Don't be absurd!"

"All this time I've been thinking it was your acid pan holding you back," Phil said with nasty sympathy, "It must have been your legs."

"My legs are all right!"

"Knocked or bowed?"

"Neither!"

"Nuts!"

Marcia jumped to her feet, raising her skirt above her knees and revolved slowly. Phil drew in a deep breath.

"Well?" she demanded.

"Not bad," he said carelessly.

Marcia glared at him. "Have you ever seen better?"

"Oh, I've seen a few."

"Legs—or better?"

"Both."

"Nuts!"

"How's your health?" he asked conversationally.

"How does it look?"

"I'll ask the questions—you give the answers. What I'm trying to find out is whether you're a good risk. Do you have any secret diseases beneath your healthy exterior?"

"I have never had any diseases!"

"I'm not trying to insult you, lady," he said, annoyingly gentle, "merely seeking information for business reasons. Let's see your teeth."

Marcia curled her lips back, clear to the gums, like the snarl of a she wolf.

"Hmmm. Rather too perfect. They aren't plates?"

"What do you think?"

"About the rest of the anatomy—do you have to wear a girdle or build the bust?"

"I seem to be cramping your style."

Marcia said contemptuously as she calmly removed her dress, then a gossamer slip, standing there in knitted shorts and bra—a gorgeous figure—rotating slowly.

"My God! You're the most amazing woman I've ever known."

She gave him a pitying smile. "If I hadn't been sure of the figure I shouldn't have risked that."

"I wasn't speaking of the figure," Phil said absently.

"Oh! Then you do think I have charm?"

"Charm? Well, I suppose you might call it that. Even snakes are said to have charm."

"Listen, you!"

Shut up! Phil started away. "Don't forget the pictures, Office 26, Administration Building, Phil Burns, publicity. I may see you later in the day."

Marcia turned on him with sudden venom. "Have you been giving me the run around?"

"You wouldn't know."

"Say, just what have you got on your mind?"

"Not what you think, so don't be throwing yourself any social bouquets."

"You fresh so-and-so!"

"And please don't cast any expurgated aspersions on my impeccable progenitors. It isn't ladylike."

Before she could properly respond to that one Sol Baumberg entered. Sol was a well dressed Jew, in his fifties, shrewd and kindly.

Marcia gave Sol a brief glance, calmly picked up her dress and went out. Sol glared after her a moment before he gave his attention to Phil. "So! What is this—

a casting office, a love nest, or stage four of my studio? So sure as I'm Sol Baumberg, so sure I fire you!"

"But Sol, you don't understand—I!"

"Am I so dumb I can't understand a naked woman and a—publicity man!"

But Phil was mastered by a great enthusiasm. "Sol, I've got something!"

"Sure, you got immorals!"

"Will you please listen to me before you draw any foul conclusions?"

"All right, all right, ain't I listening? Start the conversation, but consider yourself fired."

"Sol, I've never bothered you with a lot of wild discoveries, have I?"

Sol bristled with antagonism. "So, what have you found this time?"

"Something new." Phil was jubilant.

"New things I don't like—they cost money. And I wouldn't take the word of a publicity man for nothing whatever. They're all louses."

"Lice is the plural."

"Same breed of vermin, whatever you call 'em."

"What are you so sour about today?"

"What makes any producer sour?"

"Sick box office."

"You said it! If you was that smart with your publicity the box office shouldn't be so sick and I shouldn't be so sour."

"Listen, Sol," Phil said, eagerly warming to his subject, "what we need in the picture business right now is something new in leading women."

"Sure! You're telling me what a thousand times I've told you already. But there ain't no such thing."

"There is, only you haven't seen it on the screen. All the stars use the same clipped speech, the same affected broad a, the same sophisticated smiles and stock gestures. The public is fed up. They know everything any star is going to say or do before it happens."

Sol leered at Phil. "But you got something new?"

"I think I have."

"So what is it—before I faint from anxiety, waiting to hear?"

"An alley cat."

Sol roared like a hurt animal. "So! Now you are suggesting I should star an alley cat!"

"That's just what I am suggesting. An alley cat—a human alley cat. A woman who is so hard that it turns you cold to look at her, yet so beautiful that you can't help looking. A woman who seldom smiles, but when she does smile, even though that smile is a malicious jeer at someone, it's like a refreshing drink. And after the smile is gone her face is so hard once more you feel you'd give your right eye to bring that smile back again."

"I wouldn't even give a left eye eyelash. You're wasting my time. I got plenty leading women and stars right now which I don't want. Already I'm burning up with expenses and you ask it I should heap coals on the fires at Newcastle!"

"All I ask of you, Sol, is that you let me give her a thousand foot test and then promise you'll look at the film."

"A thousand foot test!" Sol screamed.

"All right, all right," Phil said rashly, "if you don't like it I'll pay for it myself."

"I'll take your money right now, sucker."

"But you will look at the test?"

"If there ain't nothing better I got to do at the time," Sol grudgingly agreed.

Phil smothered a triumphant grin. "I'll have it ready for you tomorrow afternoon, following the rushes. You're in for a treat."

"If I ain't you're in for a vacation—without pay."

Sol stalked out while Phil went in the opposite direction in search of that strange girl, Marcia Court.

(To Be Continued)



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Miss Le Brun Rhinelander

LOVELY DESCENDANT OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S "FIRST FAMILIES"
IS A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON THE SKIING SLOPES AT LAKE PLACID



During a pause in the fun,
Helen Anderson and Le Brun Rhinelander
(center) chat about smoking

"I never give much thought to which cigarette I smoke," says Miss Anderson to Miss Rhinelander. "But you never smoke *anything* but Camels! Are they so different?"

"Yes!" says Miss Rhinelander. "Camels *are* different."

"What do you mean—'different'?"

"Well, I think about smoking in many ways. For instance, with Camels, even after steady smoking, I have no jangled nerves. Also, Camels are gentle to my throat—so grand and mild. In other words, Camels *agree* with me!"

Among distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, Virginia • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia • Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, New York

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BY her very name, Le Brun Cruger Rhinelander links historic Knickerbocker families. As the daughter of Philip Rhinelander 2nd, Le Brun naturally occupies a distinguished social position in New York, Newport, Palm Beach, and Bar Harbor.

Le Brun, herself, is frankly more interested in travel, sports, and charity work than in lineage.

She has visited fourteen countries. Yet she is American to her fingertips! She prefers Bar Harbor for sailing, Aiken for hunts, Lake Placid for skiing.

"Skiing is great sport!" she says. "It takes healthy nerves, though, to make speedy descents and 'Christy' to a stop without a spill. So, I do my nerves a favor by smoking Camels. Camels never jangle my nerves!"



Miss Rhinelander (left), before joining a dinner party at The Colony. Ever since her debut, Le Brun has taken an active part in society. She always carries Camels (or sees that her escort does)!

"At all the parties," she says, "I see Camels—Camels—Camels. Grand for me because I smoke *nothing* but Camels. When I'm tired, Camels give my energy a 'lift.'"

Turn to Camels and discover what this young debutante means when she says, "Camels agree with me—in *every* way!"

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